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Captain O'Shaughnessy's Sporting Career

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CAPTAIN O'SHAUGHNESSY'S SPORTING CAREER.

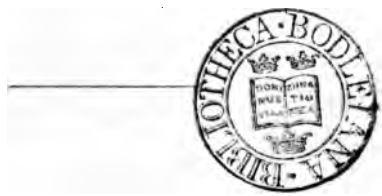
CAPTAIN O'SHAUGHNESSY'S SPORTING CAREER.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

"Quorum pars magna fui."

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.



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CAPTAIN O'SHAUGHNESSY'S SPORTING CAREER.

CHAPTER I.

THE CASTLE DRAWING-ROOM—AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE—MRS. MCGRATH'S COFFEE-POT—VICEREGAL FESTIVITIES—THE SHAKSPEARE BANQUET—NAWORTH CASTLE.

WHEN chatting familiarly with me one day, Lord Naworth told me "he had made acquaintance at a picture gallery with an Irish lady, who reminded him very much of Lever's Mrs. Paul Rooney." He never mentioned who she was, and the circumstance faded from my remembrance until our second Drawing-room, when, with my brother aides-de-camp and the rest of the household, I attended his Excellency in the Throne-room of the Castle. There was a large crowd, the private entrée was very full, and the

presentations exceedingly numerous. The dresses were superb, and, as the Dublin Drawing-rooms are held at night, the glare of light adds to the effect. I wish I could describe the ladies' dresses ; the trains were of carmine, lavender, crimson, white, or other colours. These radiant appendages were, I believe, chiefly composed of satin, silk, or other material of costly price ; while bouillons of flowers were agraffed, and cordage trimmed with point Alençon, the native Limerick, or the lace of Brussels. Then their petticoats were looped with lovely flowers, and their heads were waving with plumes, "enough," as one of our aides whispered to me very irreverently, "to deck a score of hearses."

The crush was getting more dense, and the *débutantes* found much difficulty in making their curtsey, and receiving the chaste salute which his Excellency is privileged to imprint upon the cheeks of the ladies who honour his Drawing-room for the first time, when, to the Chamberlain's inquiry, "if the lady next in advance was already presented to his Excellency," a rich Munster voice answered,

"Why then, indeed, we're a dale more intimate than that!"

The next moment, his Excellency saluted, with marked cordiality, a lady whose train and corsage of moire antique noire, with jupe of black tulle, denoted the mourning widow. I started! Could this be the widow of honest Peter McGrath, the county surveyor, with whom I had been so intimate in early days? I was not left long in doubt. The widow had just passed on, elate with the marked and cordial reception with which the Viceroy had welcomed her, and her eyes lighting on me as I stood, with my brother aides, behind his Excellency, she called out, in these familiar accents I well remembered, "Eh, then, Terry, is it there you are?"

A titter, which the presence of his Excellency could not suppress, ran through the Throne-room; but I was not thereby prevented from greeting my old friend, for, whatever her failings may have been, she was filled with good nature. She told me "that being as I knew a lone widow, without chick or child, and with lashings of money left by

poor Pether, she thought the best thing she could do was to see the world. That she had gone here, there, and everywhere, from up the Rhine to down the Dodder," that she "crossed the Atlantic to see Niagara, and went to Naples to peep in the crater of Vesuvius;" she "had been received by the Pope, and, as she was looking at a picture of Niagara in the Dublin Exhibition, and telling a friend, who was with her, of a blunder of the painter, a middle-aged, stout gentleman said "she was quite right, for he had been there himself and fully agreed with her." "I thought him a little forward, Terry, my dear, to be putting in his oar, when I didn't know him, and may be I looked as if I didn't want him to be puttin' his come-hither on me, for you know I was always particular, when up he goes, to the head of the Artists in Dublin, and orders him to introduce him to me. Now who do you think this strange stout gentleman was?"

"I cannot guess, Mrs. McGrath."

"Troth, then, 'twas the Lord Lieutenant himself, no less."

"He is a great judge of pictures, and has been in America."

"Yes, we had a long talk about the States, and New York and Canada. He was very polite, and requested me to do him the honour of attending his Drawing-rooms and balls, and I said I surely would, if I got proper invitations, and he said he'd take care that I did.

"'You had better take my card, then, my Lord,' I said, 'or you will not know where to write to me.'

"'True for you, Mrs. McGrath,' he replied; 'I see you have not travelled for nothing.'

"'Be sure of that, my Lord,' said I, 'I spent a power of Pether's money in going about, but what else is it good for? Shure we can't take it with us.' When I saw the advertisement in the papers, that his Excellency would hold a Drawing-room, I thought the dresses I had would do; but Miss O'Looney said 'I should have a train, and jupes, and buffoons, and feathers stuck in my hair, and what they call a regular Court shoot, or I would not be let in;' so I was late for the first

Drawing-room, but now here I am, and delighted to see your good father and mother's son."

I thanked her very sincerely, but was hardly prepared for her next proposition.

"Now, my dear, give me your arm, and we'll go *allez-vous promenade*, as we say in France, through the rooms."

I would have given a trifle to be excused, but the presentations being over, his Excellency had left the Throne-room, and was in St. Patrick's Hall, so I had no means of escape. The widow was in high spirits, and recognised several acquaintances, whom she accosted with noisy demonstrations of regard. I was introduced right and left, and, of course, got my step without purchase. "Captain O'Shaughnessy, Miss Malone." "Captain O'Shaughnessy, Mrs. Tracey." "Peggy Fogarty, don't you know Terry O'Shaughnessy?" These were among the numerous names I was tantalized with. Before I received my discharge I accepted an invitation to take tea with the widow at her lodgings in Sackville Street the following night, and, as she invited several of the very pretty girls she knew at

the Drawing-room, I overheard her holding out as an inducement, "You'll meet the Lord Lieutenant's pet aide-de-camp."

Next evening we had a dinner party at the Castle, and I could not get away early, but as late hours are usual at the smallest evening parties in Dublin, I was in good time at Mrs. McGrath's. Indeed her rooms were not half filled when I arrived at eleven o'clock. Our fair hostess was not in the front drawing-room when I was announced, so I proceeded to an inner drawing-room, where sate Mrs. McGrath, with tea and coffee equipage paraded before her. Never shall I forget the unhappy expression of her usually placid countenance. She looked fretful and uneasy. I could not fail to remark it, so, when our first greeting was over, I asked her what was the matter?"

"Oh! then, Terry," said she, "my heart is broke with the spout of my coffee-pot."

"Why," I replied, taking up the offending utensil, "what's wrong with it?"

"It wont draw."

Nor would it. Not a driblet came forth as I

tried. "Stay a moment; can I get a pen?" I said.

"There is one on the mantelpiece near the ink-bottle," said she.

I took the pen and rammed it into the pipe of the coffee-pot, and removed the obstruction. The coffee came forth, flowing into the cups. The smiles came wreathing round the widow's lips, joy danced in her eyes, and, with a hearty "May the heavens bless you, Terry," she rewarded me with my cup of coffee. We had a very merry party. There were ladies who played, and ladies who sang, ladies who danced round, and ladies who did not; fast girls as a rule predominated. I was in great demand, and when I stopped for an instant to breathe my partner, after a rapid *deux temps* valse, Mrs. Mc Grath said, "Terry O'Shaughnessy, when you are done waltzing with Kitty Fogarty, here's a young lady that wants to take a twist out of you." I could not help having a hearty laugh, in which the young lady heartily joined. Many a joyous evening I passed at Mrs. McGrath's, in Sackville Street, till the sun gleamed yellow on Nelson's pillar; and

she was ever and always a welcome guest at our Castle and Lodge festivities. These festivities, during my time of household service on the Vice-regal staff, were very varied. The usual Dublin Castle guests were the leading officials, the Lord Chancellor, and the other judges, with their wives and daughters, the Attorney, and Solicitor General, and many eminent doctors, lawyers, and merchants, the Archbishops and dignitaries of the Protestant Church, and such of the Roman Catholic clergy as wished to attend. During Lord Naworth's time we had a meeting of that distinguished body the "British Association for the Advancement of Science," and also of the "Social Science Congress," the latter under the presidency of Lord Brougham, who stayed with us, and, considering his advanced age, he was in wonderful vigour of body and mind. Lord Naworth kept open house during their visits, and fêted the philosophers, both male and female, to their hearts' content.

The Tercentenary of Shakspeare's birth was to be a high festival in Great Britain for all lovers of literature, and Lord Naworth was invited to preside

over the banquet which was to take place in the town where Shakspeare was born—Stratford-on-Avon. His lordship had been Chief Commissioner of Woods and Forests, before his Viceroyalty of Ireland, and had been very instrumental in preserving Shakspeare's house, which, together with his lordship's high character for ability, and also the place he held in the ranks of literature, pointed him out as the most worthy individual to preside over this national festival. Probably the circumstance of my having witnessed the ungracious attempt to slight him during our tour through Connemara, induced him to desire me to be present at this crowning compliment of his life in England. When it was decided he would go over he said, "It would give him much pleasure if I could attend him to the Shakspeare banquet, and spend some weeks with him at Naworth." Of course I was only too glad to witness what I ne'er shall see again, and his Excellency having got his leave of absence, and appointed Lords Justices, as usual, to administer the government of Ireland during his absence, Lord Naworth and I then proceeded to London, and

thence to Warwickshire. The town of Stratford, on our arrival, wore every sign of high festivity. Banners, ranged in lines, spanned the principal streets, and these streets were sufficiently wide to allow the crowds of pleasure-seekers to move easily through. A pavilion was erected for a banquet, and a company of Rifle Volunteers, with the band of the corps, was ranged on each side of the entrance from Southern's Lane. The presence of Shakspeare was felt in every direction. On the tables laid for the banquet were statuettes, representing various characters from the plays, while busts of the great dramatist met the eye in conspicuous places. The "bill of fare" was a litany of quotations, aptly selected to serve the double purpose of describing the dinner, and the poet's works.

A specimen must serve to indicate this production :—

BILL OF FARE.

Ladies, a gentle welcome.—*Henry VIII.* i. 4.

Roast turkeys.—Why, here he comes, swelling like a turkey-cock.—*Henry V.* v. 1.

Ducks.—O dainty duck.—*Midsummer Night's Dream.*

Roast lamb.—Come ye to seek the lamb here?—*Measure for Measure*, v. 1.

Fruit.—Hercules did shake down mellow fruit.—*Coriolanus*, iv. 6.

Wines.—He calls for wine; "A health!" quoth he.—*Taming the Shrew*, iii. 2.

The banquet was very well organized. The guests comprised an imposing array of noblemen and others renowned in the literature and rank of Britain, and I need not say that our presiding genius, Lord Naworth, was "the right man in the right place." He had read up his Shakspeare for this occasion, and introduced apt quotations when prefacing the toasts. I was much struck with the peculiar appropriateness of his extracts when referring to the toast of "The Queen," thus :—

> All princely graces,
> With all the virtues that attend the good,
> Shall still be doubled on her; truth shall nurse her,
> Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her.

His preface to "The Prince and Princess of Wales," was equally happy, and came with singular propriety from Hamlet, Prince of Denmark :—

> The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
> The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
> The observed of all observers.

In proposing the toast of the day, the "*Memory of Shakspeare,*" he said "he might with truth call it the *toast of his life.*" Alas! how little did I then think that his prophecy was so near its fulfilment, for it was the last great utterance his lips had power to give. Like the song of the dying swan, it was full of sweetness and beauty. After some words of preface, he said, "I heartily approve of the idea of this festival. I think the leading events, epochs, and persons of this earth require their occasional commemoration. Life is stagnant enough, men and women are commonplace enough, to avoid the risk of such disturbances cropping up too frequently. Last of all, can the nation which boasts of Shakspeare fear to misplace her homage? And as I think it right that such a celebration should be held, I am not the less clear that the right place to hold it in is Stratford-upon-Avon—his own Stratford-upon-Avon — that Stratford-upon-Avon around which all we know of Shakspeare, all except his undying works, is exclusively clustered—here, on about the most central ground of his own fair England, where I cannot but fancy

that the whole impress of the scenery and rural life around is so unmistakeably English, that we like to be reminded how home-like, and special, and insular was the cradle of that poet for whom we claim the mastery over the universal heart of man." Having referred to the celebration at Stratford during the previous century, and the estimate in which the works of Shakspeare are held in France and Germany, his Lordship called "Macbeth," "Hamlet," "Lear," and "Othello," that "unassailable quadrilateral" and declared "that the memories which people the glades of the Ardennes, the Rialto of Venice, the garden of Verona, gave to each glorious scene and sunny shore, a stronger lien upon our imaginations and associations than they possess in their native land." He thus concluded: "It is right that I should call upon you in the might of all these recollections which must throng in your own breast far more copiously and vividly than I could hope to present them to you, by the thrill you have felt in the crowded theatre, amid all the splendour of dramatic pageantry, by the calmer enjoyments of your closet

leisure, by the rising of your soul when the lines which breathe and warm have led you to recognise and adore the Giver of such gifts to men, to join me in draining, not with the solemn silence which a more recent death might have enjoined, but with the reverential love and the admiring fervour due to the day and the man,—The memory of Shakspeare."*

The whole company rose to do honour to this toast, and the enthusiastic cheering showed how Lord Naworth's eloquent words had stirred many hearts. Some other toasts followed, and other speeches were made; but all were inferior to this, and, as his Excellency's *aide-de-camp* and chosen companion, I felt naturally proud of my chief.

Next morning Lord Naworth rose early, and while at breakfast appeared in excellent spirits. I complimented him, in very earnest words, for the admirable manner in which he discharged the arduous duties of the night before, especially his

---

* These extracts are taken, *verbatim*, from the speech actually delivered upon the occasion.

oration when proposing "The memory of Shakspeare."

"It was a great occasion," he said, "and demanded a proportionate effort, and," he added with a sigh, "I am not equal to many efforts now."

"I never could suppose that, my Lord," I said; "I know no one who goes through more work, mental and bodily, than you do, or with apparently as little fatigue,—you never appear ill or knocked up."

"I have had good health, O'Shaughnessy," he replied, "for which I am grateful to God. But, though I do not complain, I often feel weak and tired. At many of your Dublin assemblies, where I am compelled to go by a sense of duty, I would much rather be in my bed."

"You will have some respite now," I remarked.

"Yes; I shall have a quiet time at Naworth. We shall start to-day for Birmingham, and proceed to-morrow to Carlisle. My station for Naworth is Brampton, near Carlisle; and to-morrow evening you will sleep beneath the roof which, in the old

days of the Border wars, formed the stronghold of my dreaded ancestor, Belted Will."

I am not going to describe our railway journey; for, in truth, I could see but little. I knew that at Kendal and Ambleside we were in the lake district of Westmoreland, and that Carlisle is full of historic interest. Here Lord Naworth was met by several relatives, who were invited to dine at Naworth, and I was not surprised to see the cordial feeling which subsisted between all the members of the family and its head. As we had an hour to spare at Carlisle, while waiting for our Brampton train, I accepted the proposal of Sir Philip Corby to visit Carlisle Castle and the Cathedral, which were extremely well worth seeing. The Castle is a strong building, and was used as a prison for the original of the Scottish chieftain, Fergus McIvor, and other natives of Scotland, accused of rebellion in the year 1745. Carlisle Cathedral is of great antiquity, and kept in excellent repair. The windows of stained glass are very fine. The attractions of Carlisle were celebrated in a quatrain, by Hume the historian, which Sir Philip Corby showed me

during a visit I paid to his magnificent seat in this neighbourhood. The lines are not very complimentary, either to the freshness of the eggs or the melody of the choir, but highly so to the beauty of Corby.

> Here chicks in eggs for breakfast sprawl ;
> Here godless boys God's glories squall ;
> Here Scotsmen's heads do guard the wall ;
> But Corby's walks *atone* for all.

After a brief but pleasant visit to the chief objects of interest in Carlisle, aided by the local knowledge of my kind cicerone, Sir Philip, who was member for the borough, we returned to the railway station. I found our numbers increased very considerably by a large party who were to dine at Naworth. Many of the ladies were in evening dress, though wrapped up in shawls and cloaks ; others, I noticed, had their boxes, as though they preferred making their toilettes at the Castle, where many ladies and gentlemen were to be guests. The house must be large, I thought, to accommodate us all. The whistle of the train sounded when we were ensconced in our seats, and away we went.

At Wetherall, our first station from Carlisle, our

party was yet further increased by the addition of Lady Corby and her charming daughters, who might be termed the three graces. After about an half-hour's further progress, we left the train at Brampton station, and soon the majestic woods and stately towers of Naworth Castle were in our view.

As I gazed upon this great Border fortress, with its square massive towers and machicolated battlements, I thought of the contrast between old days and now. Here was the descendant of "Belted Will," begirt by so many of his blood and name, coming with triumphs from the fields of peace to repose in his ancestral dwelling.

The presence of Lord Naworth was the signal for great rejoicing. His banner floated from the highest turret, cannon pealed forth from tower and bastion, and a band, stationed in the court-yard, played lively airs, while the cheers of the Cumberland peasantry, who thronged the spacious avenue, made the hills resound with their shouts of "Welcome home again!"

CHAPTER II.

LIFE AT NAWORTH—SIR OSWALD TREVYLYAN—THE MEET AT NAWORTH—TALLY HO!—THE FATAL FERRY.

THERE is, to my mind, a real pleasure in visiting any well authenticated house of historic fame. The person who writes these lines entered the same doors, lifted the same latch, rested on the same seats, so often occupied by the illustrious dead. My eyes beheld the same domestic arrangements as were in use in former days; or, if from the progress of time these details have undergone necessary alteration, outside, at least, there was no change. The same river flashed bright through the meadows, the same hills looked blue in the dreamy distance, the outlines of the mountains underwent no change, since the time when the stout Lord William

Howard kept the Borders of England for his king, free from the Elliotts, Scotts, and other Scottish lowlanders, who thought it fair game to harry their southern neighbours. That Lord William was a man of great mental as well as physical activity, I had abundant opportunity of satisfying myself. Both here and at Corby, where I passed many a pleasant day, are many traces of his learning, and his handwriting was clear and scholarly. I was continually repeating the poet's words—

> Oh ! formerly within these walls,
> One whom memory oft recalls,
> The lover of his country dwelt.
> And yonder meadow, broad and damp—
> The fires of the besieging camp,
> Encircled with a burning belt.
> Up and down these echoing stairs,
> Heavy with the weight of cares,
> Sounded his majestic tread.
> Yes ! within this very room,
> Sat he in those hours of gloom,
> Weary both in heart and head.

I tried to picture to myself the stout old man, whose armour now occupies the place near the entrance of the great banqueting hall of the Castle,

planning how to encounter the bold Buccleugh, or resist a foray of the Armstrongs. The chapel is still retained in the tower, where his bed-room is yet shown; and I was told that while at his devotions, one of his grim warders came to inform him that a band of his men-at-arms had just returned home, bringing five prisoners, and they wished his lordship's "pleasure what to do with them."

"Oh, hang them!" cried Belted Will, impatiently; "say I'll be down soon."

The impatient word was a fatal one for the prisoners. When Lord William had finished his prayers, the five prisoners were dangling corpses from five stout trees.

Certainly we must allow that historic houses, from their association with remarkable events, assert a claim to our regard, and an influence we cannot resist. Thus Naworth formed, as it were, a nucleus of romance to me, as though a heart from which veins of throbbing, pulsating memories and reveries, were filled with nourishment. Now, after long years, comes crowding the recollection of my days there. The courtly

pageants of my noble friend form the main features of the picture, with his good-humoured face in the foreground, and his cheery voice doing the honours so genially. Nor were there wanting graceful forms of youth and beauty to lend to every room the poetry of innocence, and the charms of intellectual women. How often have I beheld stately dames of high degree sauntering along the corridors, floating over the drawing-rooms, hovering over the garden walks, while the gentlemen, great in their day, and reputed wise in their generation, escorted the ladies with the chivalrous courtesy of the olden times.

Indeed, in the grand old castle, it required no great stretch of imagination to believe that, although the age of chivalry has gone, and that of economists and calculators has succeeded, the memory of the days of tournaments and tiltings, with lance in rest and visor down, is not forgotten. Though, in the words of the poet—

> The knights are dust,
> And their swords are rust,
> And their souls are with the saints, we trust,

their deeds are remembered in the page of history and romance. The genius of the poet and the novelist recalls these olden times; and we behold in the romances of Scott, Lord Lytton, and others, the crowded list arranged for the tournament, the spectators gathered, the queen of beauty surrounded by her fair maidens, the fluttering of pennons on the long lances, the glistening of spears, the waving of banners, the gay tabards of the heralds, and we hear the sound of trumpets.

But though we had neither tilt nor tournament, we had our pastimes—billiards, and private theatricals, within doors; cricket, croquet, and archery, without.

I have mentioned that Lord Naworth was not a sportsman, and I should have had no hunting had not one of his neighbours, Sir Oswald Trevylyan, offered to mount me, and show me such sport as his coverts afforded. I was only too glad to see what Cumberland did for fox-hunting; and can safely affirm, though the country is not well suited for good galloping, and it is hard for horses to get over, the pace was usually good,

and men, horses, and dogs, did their work capitally.

Sir Oswald hunted his own hounds, and though, as a general rule, few men do this well, for they will not go in for hard work, Sir Oswald was an exception. He rode uncommonly clever horses, and was always with his hounds. Then his whips were as good hands on horses as ever I saw in a field, and it was easy to see they did their work like workmen. Woe betide the unlucky young entry that hunted larks or ran hares—the double thong fell hot and heavy on his quarters, and he took care not to offend again in a hurry. Sir Oswald appeared to have studied fox-lore, if there be such lore. He was up to all Reynard's dodges, and made his casts with such precision that the pack, when at fault, was sure to hit off the scent and take up the running.

Our visit was about to end. His Excellency was soon to resume his government, and had written over to say he would reach Westland Row by the Saturday afternoon, where one of the carriages was to meet us, when Sir Oswald

offered to draw Naworth woods, and let the ladies see his hounds. We were all delighted, the ladies of our party especially, who all promised to be at the covert. Lord Naworth said, "As it was the last day of his stay, the sportsmen should all breakfast and dine with him," which was very readily agreed to.

"No need of dressing, you know," said his lordship, very considerately; "we shall all be too tired after our chase to care much for that sort of thing."

The hunting morning rose, heavy and lowering, after a night's rain. The little river behind the Castle was flowing like a torrent, and its waters, swollen and discoloured, denoted that there would be many impediments to the progress of the hunt. Still equestrians, some mounted on splendid-looking hunters, others who had sent on their horses, either the night before or during the morning, came galloping on covert hacks, and all were making their way towards the Castle.

In the banqueting hall a number of tables were spread with every variety of food for the matutinal meal, while liquors stronger than tea and coffee

flanked venison pasties or rounds of beef. There was a sprinkling of ladies present, whose captivating little hats, and habits of flowing length, formed a pleasing contrast to the red coats of the fox-hunting squires. Lord Naworth, who seldom crossed a horse, declared he would not be absent from the hunt, and when Sir Oswald and the pack came trotting within the courtyard, a group was assembled on the steps that was worthy the pencil of Sir Edwin Landseer.

"How's the wind to-day?" asked some one.

"Right for us," cheerily responded my Lord. "You know, a 'southerly wind and a cloudy sky proclaim a hunting morning.'"

"The sky is cloudy enough," said another. "How it did rain last night! The ground will be soft as one of your Irish bogs; eh, Naworth?"

"Take care you don't stick there! Mind you are all here to dinner," cried his lordship, raising his voice, and thus giving all a general invitation.

Breakfast over, we mounted for the covert side. Sir Oswald, as usual, provided me with a capital horse, well up to my weight. This good-natured sports-

man also placed his stud at the disposal of such other of Lord Naworth's guests as desired to avail themselves of it, which many did. Those who resided within a reasonable distance sent over their own horses, and most of the sportsmen of that side of Cumberland were present. There was

> Mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan,
> Fosters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran ;
> There was racing and chasing—

if not o'er Cannobie, over Brampton lea.

All were resolved to show their lordly host that the men of to-day were as well able to ride as on that memorable one when young Lochinvar

> Swam the broad river—where ford there was none.

"Glad to see you mounted, my Lord," cried Sir George Bramwell, riding up, and greeting Lord Naworth cordially.

"Thank you, Sir George. You see I am not too old to hunt," returned his lordship in the same tone.

"This is a full meet," said Sir George ; "all our

hunting men are here, and I promise you, if the fox takes to the plain, they shall have enough of it. The ground is awfully heavy."

"You did not come to breakfast, Bramwell, mind you come to dinner," said Lord Naworth.

"Your lordship is very kind—I hope to do so," replied Sir George, and with a bow he trotted off.

Sir Oswald by this time got his pack into covert, and it was not long before the quiet of the noble old wood, as it sloped down towards Lanercost, was broken by a whimper from some of the young dogs.

"Hark! yo, hark!" cried Sir Oswald, cheering them; and then the cry of many hounds in chorus rose from that dell where, in days of old, the monks sung their vespers, or chanted the matin hymn. A rich old monastery was Lanercost; every stone bespeaks its great antiquity, and my thoughts recalled how many a time the lords and ladies, the sturdy knights and men-at-arms, who lived at Naworth, sought the chapel to pray,—asking Heaven's blessing on their arms, solace in

defeat, or came in triumph hither, to give thanks for victory won.

As I lingered with Lord Naworth, Sir George Bramwell, and some others on the verge of the covert, the cry of the hounds, now swelled to a full orchestra, came rapidly towards us, and with a cry of "Surely there goes the fox!" Lord Naworth pointed over his cob's ears with his cane. We beheld a full-grown fox, going off at score towards Brampton.

"Tally-ho! Tally!" I cried loudly, clapping spurs to Clinker, Sir Oswald's mount, and soon the body of the pack came streaming from the wood. Before any considerable number of horsemen could interfere with them, they steadily settled on the chase.

Then came the rush. "Hold hard, gentlemen! hold hard! Don't press the hounds!" shouted Sir Oswald, as the Cumberland hard-riding squires came tearing along. I had no time to see what became of Lord Naworth, for I stuck to Sir Oswald, and, as he knew every inch of the line, and kept to his hounds, I knew he was the best man

to follow. The ground was awfully sticky in the valley, but the fox breasted the hills towards Corby, and we had some good spins, when the pace was fast as we cared to go. The fences were strong and close, but Trevylyan's horse was a splendid jumper, and I went along in flying style. The Master, too, had out a tip-top thorough-bred, and we both kept well in front, within view of the flying pack. They required little help from him or the whips, for they ran in compact order, and quite close. I looked back once or twice, and saw a crowd of men, plying whip and spur, and keeping well up, while others were tailing off.

Near to Corby we came upon a desperate fence, a water jump, the banks sloppy and difficult to approach. I instantly rode Clinker hard at the spot where the hounds crossed, and we popped over in gallant style. Sir Oswald was not quite so fortunate, for his hunter bungled on landing, came on his side, and I feared the Master was caught in the fall, but he was not. He instantly got up and helped up his prostrate steed. The horse shook himself, and then Sir Oswald mounted, and was

speedily going as well as ever. This watercourse was a damper to many; some came boldly on, but their horses suddenly stopping on the brink, sent them souse into the stream. Others failed to clear, and stuck fast, while a few scrambled in and out.

"By Jove!" cried Sir Oswald, "we shall soon be in a fix. As sure as fate, the fox is bent on crossing the Eden!"

"Can we not cross as well," I said.

"Not if it is too full," he replied. "There is at all times a powerful stream, and, with last night's rain, it would be dangerous."

The words were hardly out of his mouth before we saw that his fears were realized. Reynard evidently felt himself so hard pressed by the pack, that, unless he made the earth at Warwick Hall, he had no chance of escape. Like the case of brave Horatius, in the Lays of Ancient Rome, there was the swollen river before, and the angry foes in hot pursuit behind. He must either try the former or be devoured by the latter, so in he plunged. The hounds swam after him, and all crossed. We saw the fox shake the water from his coat, and

apparently revived by his bath, canter gaily towards the woods of Warwick Hall.

"What shall we do, Sir Oswald?" I asked, impatiently. "Could we swim the river?"

"I would not venture," he replied. "I know the strength of the stream, having had a narrow shave of being swept away years ago, when it was by no means so full as now. We must make for Warwick-bridge. It is above a mile, but we must ride for it."

So saying he dashed off to the left, and I did not lag behind. We could see the hounds hunting on the opposite bank, and as the fields were devoid of trees, we saw them follow the fox towards the distant woods. They seemed to be gradually gaining upon their game. At the pace we went the pretty little village of Warwick-bridge soon came in sight, and we gained the bridge over the Eden. The river was fully bank high, and rolled turbid and dark beneath the arches, very differently from its usual bright and limpid wave.

"I never saw the river in such a state," said Sir

Oswald; "I am glad we did not trust it." He led the way over a paling, and, side by side, we took several fences, till we got in sight of the pack. The fox was evidently straining every effort to reach the wood, but his pace was uneven, and his frequent halts showed he was nearly dead beat.

"By Jove, we'll catch him, O'Shaughnessy," cried the Master; "let us try and take him alive." He rode straight at a stiff rail, but his horse, unable to make the jump, struck it with his fore feet, and came down; luckily the horse and Sir Oswald fell in a soft place, where they were not hurt.

"Now then, Clinker," I said, selecting a somewhat lower part of the rail, and bringing the old horse well together. He rose, and just striking it with his hind hoofs, landed me well on the right side.

"Ride for it, O'Shaughnessy," said Sir Oswald, examining his horse. "There is nothing amiss, but Chanticleer has had quite enough of it, so I will lead him a bit."

I rode on and got sight of the pack; they were running breast high, on a view, and, before I was able to interfere, had poor Pug in the midst

of them. He was but a mouthful apiece, and they tore him up with a voracity heightened by their long and severe run. Would I could stop here, and terminate the events of this sad sad day!

When the hounds had run into their fox, Sir Oswald remained where he stood, holding Chanticleer, and on seeing the hunt was over, he proceeded to the high road, through a gate close by. He then blew his horn, and the hounds, obedient to the Master's call, trotted off, and I followed.

"We are a good ten miles from the kennel," said the Master, "and what has become of the whips?" There was no one to be seen, so he added, "We had best proceed towards Brampton, and trust to the whips overtaking us. If they do not, we can put up the dogs at Naworth till they come." We were chatting over the events of the run, when we heard two horsemen galloping from the village of Warwick-bridge, in a state of excitement that amazed us. One was Kenyon, Sir Oswald's second whip. "Confound you, Kenyon!" cried the Master, angrily, as they approached; "have you no sense, to ride that

young Eclipse mare on the hard road at such a pace?"

"What in the name of Heaven is the matter?" he said, turning to the other horseman, who was young Philip Corby, only son of Sir Philip. His horse and his clothes, like those of Kenyon, were dripping wet, and tears were streaming down his youthful cheeks.

"Oh! Sir Oswald, what a terrible catastrophe. He's drowned—nearly all are drowned," replied Philip Corby.

"Who's drowned? speak, in Heaven's name," I asked, impatiently.

"Lord Naworth, and poor Yates, and Captain Fielding, and others who are not got out yet."

I thought I should have fallen from this sudden shock. "Lord Naworth drowned!—how, when, where did it happen?" cried Sir Oswald, addressing the whip, who seemed the more coherent of the two, though he was blanched with fear, and shook with uncontrolled terror. He could only speak at intervals, for his faculties seemed benumbed, actually frozen with fright.

"Me and poor Yates, Sir Oswald—" here the mention of the first whip's name caused him to cry bitterly—"were close after you and the Captain (so I was usually designated), and we see you both take to the left, as we thought, to try for an easy place to cross the river. We saw the hounds follow the fox along the opposite bank, hunting in excellent style. Just as some of the foremost riders came up, who should trot up at the moment but poor Lord Naworth. Sir Philip and Master Corby were with him, and they all said the hounds had crossed the river. Sir George Bramwell said he thought there was a ford where we might cross near where we were.

" 'You will not easily find a ford, and the river in this state,' said my Lord; 'but there is, or was, a ferry-boat hereabouts.'

" ' It is still here, my Lord,' said a farmer's boy—' not a quarter of a mile off.'

" ' Would it not be a good joke if we had the hunt to ourselves, and the Master was thrown out,' cried Lord Naworth.

" ' If we kill, you shall have the brush, my Lord,'

said Sir George. So away we went, and soon reached the ferry. The boat was quite large enough to hold us all, and we had no misgivings about the boat. There were on her, my Lord, Sir Philip and his son, Sir George, Captain Musgrave, Captain Fielding, Mr. Lloyd Clifford, some officers from Carlisle, Yates and me, and the two ferrymen. We stood each by his horse, which was very nervous; for you know, sir, horses is always frightened in boats. Then the river looked awful. The men tried to shove us along, but the current was main strong, and they made but little way. Still we could hear the cry of the hounds, and my Lord said, 'Shove along, good fellows, a sovereign apiece if we reach the bank to see the death of the fox.' Those was the last words I heard him speak." Another burst of weeping denoted how the whip was moved. When able to resume, he continued: "I can't say, Sir Oswald, what began it; but, all of a suddint, the horses took to kicking, and there was such lashing and rearing, the boat rocked to and fro. We tried to separate them, but before we could do anything they rushed to one

side, the boat was upset, and we were all in the water. Oh, it was dreadful! I kept hold of my Eclipse mare, and we got safe into water not above our depth, and I mounted and rode ashore. I shall never forget the terrible sight I then saw. There were a dozen men and nine horses, huddled pell mell, with the big boat bottom up. The boatmen clung to this, and they got Sir Philip between them. Sir George also had a hold of the back of the boat, and I noticed Master Corby pulling some one with one hand, while he tried to swim with the other. I got off the mare and went in up to my neck, and helped him, and we drew out Lord Naworth. I think he must have been hit by the boat or one of the plunging horses; for he showed no signs of life. I went in again and gripped another body. Oh! it was my poor Yates." Again the whip broke down; when he resumed, he said, "He was not quite dead, Sir Oswald, for he opened his eyes and said, 'Thank God the Master is safe.' He never spoke a word more."

At this touching proof of the affection of his

whip, whose last thoughts were of him, Sir Oswald could not fail to show deep emotion.

"What family did Yates have, Kenyon?" he asked.

"A wife and two little ones, God help them!" was the response.

"They shall be cared for by me. Tell them so," was Sir Oswald's answer.

"I then went in again," continued the whip, "and had better luck. I gripped Mr. Musgrave, just as the current was whipping him down stream, and the water had got into his boots, so that he could not swim. But the two officers never came up, and I fear they're dead."

"What has become of the bodies?" I asked of young Philip, who had by this time regained his composure.

"A great crowd soon collected," he replied, taking up the sad narrative from where the whip had left off; "and I need not say my father was horrified when he saw that his dear cousin, Lord Naworth, was dead. He fainted, and I feared the shock had killed him also; but Sir George Bram-

well luckily had his brandy flask safe, and we poured some down my father's throat, and brought him to. Father O'Bryan, from Warwick-bridge, who is our chaplain, came with blankets and rubbers, but they were no use. He suggested that the bodies should be carried to his house until removed for interment. He procured a conveyance, and I am now on my way to Naworth to get a carriage to bring back the body of my dear Lord."

"I suppose there must be an inquest, Philip," said Sir Oswald. "Better leave all the bodies together until then, otherwise the coroner and jury will have to go from place to place."

This evidently had not occurred to our young friend, but he acquiesced at once. "I must go on, at all events, and tell my mother and sisters, otherwise they may fancy my father and I are drowned also," he said.

"I will ride back and see the last of my lamented chief," I said. I thought what important changes this calamity must necessarily occasion; in the Viceroyalty of Ireland; in the succession to title and estates, which devolved upon the

next brother, for Lord Naworth never married. The loss of my appointment as aide-de-camp was the least, but of some importance to me.

"I will go with you, O'Shaughnessy," said Sir Oswald; and, addressing Kenyon, he said, "Kenyon, do you get home with the hounds to Brampton, and give me the mare. She's fresher than Chanticleer, who had some falls, and is tired." He then changed horses with the whip, and bidding Philip break his terrible news as cautiously as he could to Lady Corby and the other members of Lord Naworth's family at the Castle, we rode towards the village with heavy hearts.

CHAPTER III.

THE PRIEST'S HOUSE — THE INQUEST — THE PRIEST'S PANEGYRIC—THE FUNERAL—A TESTIMONIAL MEETING —MY COLONIAL APPOINTMENT.

THE pretty village of Warwick-bridge already bore signs of woe, and mourning prevailed everywhere. The shops were all closely shuttered, blinds were drawn down in every house, the only sound was the wailing of women. A few men were seen, who accosted each other in whispers, as if fearing to break down if compelled to speak out. The presence of Sir Oswald and myself served for the occasion of mute reverence, and heads were bared as we rode slowly towards the little Gothic Catholic church beside which stood the priest's house. I had been there to Mass, and knew it well, but there was no need of any guide. A crowd of people thronged the door, and their countenances testified how sincerely

they shared in the general sorrow. When we drew up, two of Lord Naworth's servants, who had driven over with Lady Georgina Rutherford, a Catholic lady who was staying at the Castle, came over to us, weeping, and said her ladyship was with Father O'Bryan in his drawing-room.

They held our horses, while Sir Oswald and I went in. Here was a sorrowing sight. There lay, in the cold embrace of death, that form I had so lately seen full of life, and health, and happiness, dispensing his princely hospitality with a lavish and generous hand. I knelt beside his lifeless clay, and sorrowed as he deserved. Yates, in his scarlet hunting frock, his honest bluff face lighted by a smile, lay beside Lord Naworth; while the other bodies, decently composed by the priest's directions, were ranged near. Such of the rescued as could get to their respective mansions had already taken themselves home, anxious to relieve their families from the notion they were lost in the fearful calamity.

When Father O'Bryan was informed of our arrival, he desired us to be shown into his study.

He was a very pious, exemplary clergyman, and a great favourite with Lord Naworth. He spoke deeply of our loss, said the coroner was sent for, and while we were with the priest, he came. He was an intelligent medical man, and he desired that the bodies might remain where they were until after the inquest, which he said he could hold early next day. There would be no difficulty about getting a jury. He then went away. Sir Oswald and I bade the priest adieu, and then rode together towards Brampton. He wished me to go to Brampton Hall and stay with him, but I felt that my duty to the departed Viceroy was to be with his remains while they were upon earth, and I also said I had many letters to write respecting the catastrophe, which I had better write from Naworth.

I entered this grand old feudal pile with a heavy heart. The joyous laugh, the lively jest, the gay banquet, where were they? In the great banqueting hall, with its suits of armour, and memorials of the days that were gone, stood the long table laid for the large party who were

invited to dinner that day. Plate of gold and silver gleamed on the board — glass and steel glittered—wine shone in many hues, from the ruby claret to the golden sherry, but alas! the lord of the Castle no longer presided at the table, the banquet was unheeded—no guest appeared.

I had some dinner served in my dressing-room, and then turned to my desk to write letters. The Premier—Lord Templetown—should get early intimation to supply Ireland with a new Viceroy. The Chief Secretary, Sir Richard Steele, also was entitled to an early intimation of what had occurred, and my kind friend Lord Glanville, likewise, ought not to remain unaware of the sad fate of Lady Glanville's cousin. I wrote to each one, reversing the order; first to Lord Glanville, then to Sir Richard Steele, and lastly to the Premier. When my letters were written I sent them off at once, and, tired and exhausted by the sad event of this calamitous day, was glad to find rest in repose.

Next morning a mourning cortège left Naworth to attend the inquest. A carriage met us, containing the late Lord's brother, who had been tele-

graphed for, and had set out instantly for the scene of the disaster. He was a clergyman, and a most amiable man, worthy, if any man was, to succeed to the title and estates of the departed peer. He accompanied us to Warwick-bridge. The coroner, and a jury composed of gentlemen from the neighbourhood, only awaited our coming to examine the witnesses. There was little added by the persons examined to the account Kenyon had given us. Sir Philip Corby was the first witness. He said, "That shortly after the ferry-boat moved, the rocking was so great water came into it. He called upon the gentlemen to try and keep the horses perfectly quiet. He could not say what, in particular, caused the horses to plunge. It was the horses rushing to one side that caused the boat to upset."

Kenyon was next examined, and confirmed Sir Philip's evidence. The jury considered there was no occasion to inquire further, and the coroner said if they were satisfied he was; so a verdict of "Accidentally drowned" was returned. There was a hearse in readiness to convey the remains of

Lord Naworth to the Castle, where it was to remain until interment in the family vault at Lanercost Priory.

There was no topic for some time spoken of throughout the district but the sad catastrophe, and both in church and meeting the loss of Lord Naworth was feelingly deplored. The following Sunday, in the little Catholic chapel of Warwick-bridge, Father O'Bryan made his lordship's sad death the subject of his sermon. He reminded us how suddenly the silver cord was loosened, the golden bowl broken. The universal wail of sorrow, the expressions of regret which this most lamentable occurrence had occasioned, attested the bitterness of the sorrow all felt for Lord Naworth's loss. They proved that the respect in which his lordship was held was not assumed or trivial, but rooted, for the worth of a man of such varied accomplishments and endearing virtues deserved solid and lasting appreciation. "Although," continued the good priest, "we did not find him here worshipping, and his faith was not ours, I do not feel I am forbidden to pay my tribute to his memory.

I ever respected the genial kindliness of his heart, and the true nobility of his nature. No pride—no arrogance—no ostentatious display was to be seen in Lord Naworth; on the contrary, he upheld the high rank to which he was born by the absence of these qualities, which only those who suddenly have greatness thrust upon them exhibit. Not only was he born great, but he achieved greatness. He was endowed by God with great talents, but it was by their exercise and improvement he gained his renown; and it was his constant effort to use these gifts — his eloquence, his ready pen, his well stored mind—not for his own class merely, but for those who most needed help—the labouring poor, the artizan, those who earn bread by the sweat of their brow. All those works that tended to lighten their toil, to alleviate their lot, found in him a zealous and a fearless champion. He loved the face of his fellow-man, and surely we may trust that He who will not allow a cup of water to go unrewarded, will remember the alms and charities so bountifully given, irrespective of creed or country, by Lord Naworth."

During the week which intervened before the funeral, several relations of the Naworth family arrived to be present at the last ceremony; among them the young Duke of Dunrobin, and Lord Glanville. "Ah! my dear O'Shaughnessy," cried his lordship, as he pressed my hand, "I little thought this was to be the sad ending of my beloved kinsman. You may readily conceive what a shock it has been to Lady Glanville and to me."

"I can well believe it," I said; "I am sure he is much lamented in Ireland."

"You are right," he replied; "our country-people have good cause to mourn him—he loved them sincerely."

The funeral was a solemn and mourning spectacle. All that pomp and decorous respect could do was there; but the plumes and trappings, the mutes and pall-bearers—

> The steps of the bearers heavy and slow,
> And the voice of the mourners faint and low,

were but outward manifestations of the grief which weighed down all hearts. The cortège extended nearly from Naworth Castle to the resting-place

in the cloisters of Lanercost. And a sweet resting-place it is. The priory was built in a grassy vale, the slopes dotted with clumps of ash and beech trees, which stand out in groups from the sides of the hill, on which the towers of Naworth rise above the woods. The majestic ruin shows how exquisitely the building was finished, and nothing can be more glaring than the contrast between the portion now in decay and that recently fitted up for Divine service. As I noticed this contrast, I could not help remembering the words of Disraeli. "And the hymn was no more to be chanted in the Lady Chapel, and the candles were no more to be lit on the high altar, and the gate of the poor was to be closed for ever."

Here, amid the tears of many and the regret of all, the solemn service of the dead was recited over all that was mortal of our dear friend Lord Naworth. When the prayers were concluded, and he was consigned to the tomb of his ancestors, as we returned from the grave, a very general opinion was expressed that, before we all dispersed, steps

should be taken to erect some testimonial of our regard for so estimable a public and private character.

A marble statue, to be placed in the portrait gallery of Naworth, was generally suggested, and the means of carrying this suggestion into effect was discussed at our meeting. The Duke of Dunrobin took the chair, and the great banqueting-hall was well filled by the nobility and gentry who, from Cumberland and all the adjacent counties, and from Ireland, attended the funeral. In compliment to the station I occupied in the Viceroy's household, and the great kindness he displayed towards me, a resolution expressive of the regret his untimely death would cause in Ireland, was intrusted to me. I was rather embarrassed at having to address so important an assemblage, composed as it was of peers, members of the House of Commons, dignitaries in Church and State; but remembering the generous conduct of the Viceroy on all occasions, I resolved to say what I felt. I returned thanks for the honour done to me in permitting me to take part with

the friends and neighbours of the late Viceroy in that meeting, "an honour," I said, "which I owed doubtless to the station I held in his Excellency's household. It was unnecessary for me to dwell upon any events of his public career; others more competent than I was, could speak of them; but my daily association with him in Dublin, my having had the honour and happiness of being his aide-de-camp during his tour in Connemara, enabled me to testify to his knowledge of the Irish people, and his ardent desire to promote their interests. I could refer at great length to the benefits he conferred upon Irish agriculture—Irish commercial enterprise—Irish literary and artistic skill, but, in the presence of so many who knew him longer and better than I did, it would be presumptuous to do so. But no one could testify more truly to the kindliness of his nature, which would cause him to be mourned in Ireland, not so much as a ruler as a friend, not so much the representative of the sovereign's power as of the sovereign's love." Loud cheers followed, during which I proposed the resolution and sat down.

CHAPTER IV.

MY COLONIAL APPOINTMENT—THE WIDOW'S WAIL—PUNCHESTOWN—HOW I RODE SOBERSIDES FOR THE FOX-HUNTERS' PLATE.

LORD GLANVILLE, to my great delight, expressed himself extremely pleased with my observations at the meeting, and he said they justified the kindness his Excellency always showed me. He mentioned that as my appointment on the staff ceased, he had some hopes of another staff appointment for me, but as matters were not then decided, he could not say what it was; but he added, "If I go up, you go up."

I thanked him very sincerely for all his kindness to me.

"The will is to be read to-day, O'Shaughnessy," said his lordship, "and then there is nothing to detain me. I propose getting to Chester to-morrow, and crossing to Holyhead next day. Will you come with me?"

"I shall be glad to do so," I replied.

Later in the day he said, "Only think of poor Naworth's goodness. He has left Lady Glanville a legacy of 5000*l.*, and to my cousin Angela, whom he admired so much when she was with us at the Lodge, a thousand. He was a noble fellow."

I congratulated him upon Lady Glanville's bequest, for I knew that where there are children money is always acceptable. With sadder feelings than I entered, I bade Naworth Castle adieu, and, after a night's rest in the excellent Railway Hotel in Chester, we started in the wild Irish mail train, reached Holyhead before we recovered our breath, crossed in the Connaught, and arrived in due course at the Bilton Hotel. There was great anxiety in Dublin to know whom Lord Templetown would send to Ireland as Viceroy. Some thought an Irish nobleman would be selected this time, but the Premier disappointed any holding this notion, by selecting a nobleman whose zeal for the public welfare, business habits, great discretion, and promptitude when such qualities were required, justified the Premier's choice. He sent Lord

Agincourt to Ireland. The new Viceroy was received with the customary honours and addresses. The Lord Mayor at the time was a rather remarkable man, a citizen like John Gilpin, of credit and renown—a linendraper bold—and, if not a captain of trained bands, might claim to be a captain of gallow-glasses, a species of Irish soldiers who figured in the Lord Mayor's inaugural procession, to the great delight of the Dublin sight-seers. No one could call the Lord Mayor, O'Sullivan *bare* to his face, O'Sullivan *beard* would be more appropriate. His lordship sported a flowing and snowy mass of hair that would have subjected him to the penalties of the famous statute of Kilkenny, if that hair-splitting enactment was in force.

A day or two after our arrival in Dublin, Lord Glanville sent one of the waiters to my room, to say he desired to see me in his sitting-room as soon as convenient. I went to him at once. He held an official letter in his hand. "Do you remember, O'Shaughnessy," he said, "my telling you

I had a staff-appointment in view for you, before we left Naworth."

"Perfectly, my Lord."

"Matters were not then definitely arranged, therefore I could not mention what it was, but now I have received my commission. Lord Templetown, some time ago, notified to me his wish that I should go out as Governor of Victoria. Of course I had to consult Lady Glanville and my friends, and the result is—we go. I have asked that you may be my secretary and aide-de-camp, and you see 'tis all right. Are you content?"

"You have added another to your many acts of kindness, my dear Lord," I replied; "indeed I was wishing for something to do. I have been promoted to an unattached company, and was anxious for employment. When do you propose leaving Ireland?"

"I think in about two months time. I shall go to Glanville Castle at the end of the week, and you can join us there, and accompany us on board."

I said he would find me punctual; I gave him my address at the Imperial Hotel, Cork, whither I was then proceeding, and we parted.

I went to the Castle to pay my respects to the new Viceroy, and was most kindly received. I knew Lord Agincourt by reputation as a nobleman of great talents and high personal character. Many of the Castle officials were loud in praise of his Excellency, and while all lamented the sad fate of Lord Naworth, with the versatility of courtiers, they were perfectly resigned to the change. Not so was Mrs. M'Grath, on whom I called the same afternoon. Tears streamed from the widow's eyes when she saw me, and I fancied she thought I was personally to blame for the accident. "What a purty *adge-ju-cong* you were," she cried, with as much bitterness as her kindly nature enabled her to throw into her words, "to go gallivanting with your hounds and your foxes, and bring so much sorrow upon us."

I assured her I was not to blame—that I had not witnessed the terrible catastrophe.

"Then more shame for you," she retorted; "was

it not your bounden duty always to stay near his Excellency, and give him *aid*. What else were you paid for?"

I felt I was not to be forgiven, so I took my departure from the wailing widow. Before I quitted Erin's capital for the south, I had the opportunity of exhibiting once more as a gentleman jock. I was smoking a cigar in the United Service Reform Club, in Stephen's Green, when my friend Captain Ronaldson, who had been with me on Lord Naworth's staff, said he was in a deuce of a fix, and did not know what to do.

"What's up?" I inquired.

"I have had a line from Allan MacNab, who was to ride Sobersides for me next Tuesday for the Foxhunters' Plate at Punchestown. He informs me he has badly dislocated his shoulder, and the Sawbones has prohibited his crossing pigskin for a month. I have backed the horse very heavily, and know not what to do."

"What's the weight?" I inquired.

"Ten stone thirteen."

"I tell you what, Ronaldson," I said, "sooner

than you should be left in the lurch I'll ride for you; but first try and get Captain M'Alpine, who has much more experience than I have, or perhaps Allan MacNab has some one to take the mount."

He thanked me very sincerely, both for my offer and suggestion, but found Captain M'Alpine was to ride Rapidan, and Allan failed to find any one disengaged whom he could recommend to put up. There were no less than forty horses entered for the race. Ronaldson came to me and said I was his only hope, and, as I could ride well and was the right weight, he had every confidence in me. I resolved to show him I deserved this trust, and went down to Punchestown to have a look at the course. There was a variety of fences, walls, double-ditches, and as for galloping ground nothing could be better. The weather, too, looked promising, and we all know what effect weather has upon a race. Captain Ronaldson's horse was kept at excellent stables within half-a-mile of the course, and Sobersides looked every inch a thoroughbred steeplechaser. I mounted him, and took him over several fences, which he jumped

cleverly ; I was much pleased with his action, and with a strong notion that I would pull off the Fox-hunters' Plate, 250*l.*, I gave my instructions to the trainer, and returned to Dublin.

The Punchestown races are for Dublin what the Epsom are for London. Every one, high or low, patrician or plebeian, goes to Punchestown, and it forms at present that opportunity for ventilating animal spirits and enjoying a holiday, the coronation of the King of Dalkey afforded our remote ancestors, or Donnybrook Fair permitted in more recent times. The usually torpid and dull city of Dublin becomes galvanized as Punchestown draws near, and for Dublin, the streets display considerable liveliness. Hotels are taxed to find accommodation for sporting gentlemen, beds are at a premium, and lodgings eagerly sought when the hotels can hold no more. Cabs and outside cars make this their harvest, for many race-goers prefer the road to the rail, and charter a jaunting car rather than be shut up in a packed train ; indeed this is in many respects preferable. The crush in the trains is awful, and

guards or railway officials can as easily stem the tide of the sea as the influx of race-goers to Punchestown. The poor girls, out for a hard-earned holiday, are most to be pitied. On they come, in best bonnets and gayest skirts, with well-starched and carefully ironed spring garments, upon the "get up" of which not only time and thought, but the best part of a half-year's wages, have been expended. Here they come, foolish virgins, white-robed and fresh-looking; they are absorbed in the stream, then suddenly disappear in the toiling, crushing, heaving maëlstrom of humanity, until, after a quarter of an hour's absence, they reappear panting, frowsy, and forlorn. *Heu! quanto mutatis;* their flowing skirts all limp and torn, their jaunty little hats or coquettish bonnets ragged or crushed, and, as one of them feelingly exclaimed, "My month's preparation in one five-minutes smashed to smithereens." Yet there is a good deal of fun in the crowded train, when you contrive to get a comfortable seat. There is not, perhaps, any very well defined distinction of passengers. First-class ticket holders suddenly find themselves

in third-class carriages, among the roughs, where kid gloves and eye-glasses are sure to come to grief; while brawny coal-heavers or stout porters find themselves in the well-cushioned compartments of the first class, from which they cannot escape if they would.

The train stops at Sallius, a couple of miles from the course, and then a scramble for vehicles ensues. The proprietors of the outside cars usually charge pretty highly for the transit to the course, and many prefer having a tramp across the fields to paying too dear for the jaunt. There is usually an immense array of vehicles and pedestrians collected along the roads, and the course is sure to be densely thronged; long before we get to the ground, the roar of voices sounding like the Falls of Niagara. The hum of the immense multitude met my ears, and, as I drove along with Ronaldson, the usual followers of the camp of pleasure were seen on every side—men with the table on which the pea and thimble tempt the unwary—vendors of the correct cards, with the colours of the riders, the riders' names, the

weights and stakes ; with orange-women and cigar-sellers. Ronaldson got well chaffed as he drove against a strong-voiced virago, selling gingerbread cakes. The young woman alluded, in language not to be found in Chesterfield's letters, to his "whey face, straw-coloured whiskers, and butthermilk eye-brows ! !"

We ran up the grand stand to see some old friends whom I had not met since my return from England, and, having had a few words with his Excellency Lord Agincourt, and some of his staff whom I had become acquainted with at the Castle, I accompanied Ronaldson to the betting-ring. It was evident that a brisk business was doing, and Sobersides was the favourite. He stood at 2 to 1, while 6 to 1 was offered against Courtown, 7 to 1 against Acorn, 8 to 1 against Pet Lamb, long odds against the rest. The first event on the card was a sweepstake of 25 sovs. for hunters carrying fourteen stone. This race was easily won by Mr. Sadleir on his horse Bismark, though he allowed Nerea to come within a length at the finish.

Next came the race for the Foxhunters' Plate, and I felt there was need for me to do my best, if I was to win for Ronaldson. No less than twenty-two flyers came to the post — and never was finer cavalry, or more dashing-looking riders seen at Punchestown. As each horse was stripped and saddled, he underwent a critical examination from the bystanders, and, when we drew up at the starting post, I was glad to learn, from the comments freely made, that Sobersides was looking about the best of the lot. I had not much time to scan my competitors for the Plate, but at once I felt where my combat lay. I did not like Pet Lamb, and I thought Tara also would make a good run. I never saw horses brought to the post in better condition — their coats shining like satin, and their eagerness to be off showed me we were likely to have a fast spin. When the starting word was given, away we went in a bunch, I holding my horse to keep clear of the ruck. It was well I did so; at the first fence three came to grief—Rose, Rosin-the-bow, and Courtown. Meteor and Westwind then

showed in front, I keeping still a modest place, while several were alongside of me; I found my horse pulling hard, so I eased him a little, and I soon went to the front, passing Westwind, Acorn, Magenta, and Tara. I took the fences quickly, and found Sobersides was well winded, and kept in front by several lengths. As we were running home in this order, the cheers of the crowd were enlivening, and Sobersides! Sobersides! rang on all sides. I felt sure of the race, when, still several lengths in front, the winning post came in sight—the cheering grew louder and louder. I led still, and took the last fence in a style that drew down thunders of applause. A good stretch of sward lay before us, and, well in hand, I galloped along, certain of victory. Alas! there is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip. Within a dozen yards of the winning post, the Pet Lamb rushed alongside of me. I spurred Sobersides, and we kept neck and neck, but I could not shake off the Lamb. Pet Lamb! The Pet! roared the crowd, while Sobersides! Sobersides! was yelled in reply.

I heard Mr. Beasley give his horse a cut with his whip on his quarter that settled the race. He jumped forward, and won by a head. At first it was thought a dead heat, but the judge declared the Pet Lamb the winner. For a time there was immense excitement, and all declared it was the best contested race ever run at Punchestown. I tried to bear my defeat with composure, and, indeed, I felt I had done my best; Ronaldson thought so too, and had managed to save himself in the betting; though he would have made a pot of money had I won. But the fates decided otherwise. He thanked me for my efforts, and as I had nothing further to detain me in Dublin, I returned once more to my native county.

CHAPTER V.

THE DUHALLOW BANQUET—OUR OLD GROOM—HOW TOM COURTENAY RODE OVER THE DINNER TABLE.

AS I took my solitary breakfast in the coffee-room of the Cork Imperial Hotel, and read the *Cork Examiner*, I was glad to see the members of the Duhallow hunt were about to entertain the master, Lord Glanville, before his departure. The paragraph stated the banquet would take place in Mallow upon his lordship's resigning the mastership of the hounds, consequent upon his proceeding to the government of Victoria. "I shall attend it, of course," I said to myself, and on going to the County Club, I found the arrangements were already very forward. My early and respected friend, Dr. Macniell—one of the worthiest sportsmen, and most skilful physicians in Great Britain—was to preside.

The day of the banquet arrived, and with some

friends from Cork I went by train to Mallow. At Fitzmaurice's Hotel we found the *élite* of the county assembling. The members of the Duhallow Hunt comprised most of the nobility and gentry of the county of Cork, and at seven o'clock we sat down, more than a hundred strong, to a splendid dinner. Lord Glanville looked right well, and I was glad to hear Lady Glanville and the children expressed very cordial satisfaction that I was to share their voyage, and should be their companion in Australia. When dinner was over, Dr. Macniell, in those short but robust sentences which always conveyed so much in a few words, gave the toasts of the Queen ; the Prince and Princess of Wales ; and Prosperity to fox-hunting. He then gave the health of the governor of Victoria — their noble friend and brother sportsman, amid loud and continued cheering. He said "Lord Glanville's presence prevented his speaking of him as his heart dictated, but among the members of the Duhallow Hunt there was no need to sound his praises. (Cheers.) His lordship was a model sportsman, and this was abundantly proved by the manner in which

the Duhallow hounds were kept during the many years he was master. They all regretted his having to resign the hounds, but of course they rejoiced that his lordship's services were recognised by the state, and he felt sure that he would prove as able a governor of Victoria as he had been the master of the Duhallow fox-hounds." The health of Lord Glanville was received with enthusiastic cheers.

After silence was obtained, his lordship "thanked the company for the way in which they had received him, and his old friend for the flattering manner in which he had prefaced the toast. For his own part, he had only done what he considered his duty, for otherwise he would not have undertaken to hunt the Duhallow pack. Indeed, he had very little difficulty in giving good sport, for he had an excellent pack of hounds, a country abounding in good coverts, and brother members second to none upon the face of the globe. (Cheers.) With such co-operation, and the help he received from the farmers and owners of coverts, it was easy to give good sport. So long as there were obliging farmers and vigilant proprietors of coverts,

there would be plenty of foxes to hunt. He hoped to hear in his distant colony, that the good old fame of the Duhallow hunt would be upheld, and as he had heard that his friend Mr. Barry Harold was to succeed him as master of the hounds, he felt no doubt of the result. (Cheers.) The hounds could not possibly be in better hands; and with the assurance that wherever his body might be, his heart was with them," Lord Glanville sat down.

When the cheering had subsided, his lordship rose, and in suitable terms proposed the health of the chairman, who briefly returned thanks. Shortly after, the party broke up.

Before leaving the room, the chairman beckoned to me to go to him, and I went. "I have to thank you for winning me a hundred," he said. "I bet that figure with Lord Lambay I would place Sobersides, and I put him second."

"I am glad I did you that kindness, doctor; but I assure you it was quite against my will."

"I am sure of it, Captain," he said, laughing.

"How are my friends at Killevullen?" I enquired eagerly.

His countenance was clouded at once. "I grieve to say there is sad news there," he said; "poor dear Mary is hopelessly ill."

I was deeply grieved. "Is there no hope?" I asked.

"None," he replied. "She was always so gay and joyous, no one suspected she was in a decline, and when I was called in I felt there was no chance. Her hours are numbered."

"She is young, and has had plenty of good air and exercise."

"Youth and exercise will not resist decay when it sets in," he said.

"I must drive over to-morrow to inquire for her," was my rejoinder.

"Come on to Fermoy to see me. Some of the garrison, and your old Fermoy friends, have promised to dine with me. I'll give you a shake-down; as I hear we shan't have you long with us, we must take good care of you."

"You always did that, doctor, and I accept," I replied, and he rose to return to Fermoy.

Next morning Lord Glanville and I breakfasted together in Fitzmaurice's Hotel. He inquired, when he might expect to see me at Glanville?

"I am to drive and sleep at Macniell's to-night," I said, "and to-morrow I have some business with my solicitor; but the day following I shall have the pleasure of availing myself of your hospitality."

He then returned to his country seat, while I ordered a post-car, to take me and my suite, consisting of my portmanteau, to Fermoy. When my conveyance rattled up to the hotel door, I recognised in the driver the well-known features of William Carty, our quondam groom.

"I'm glad to see your honour looking so brave and hearty," said he.

"Thank you, William," I replied, and we started down the main street, and crossed the bridge over the Blackwater.

As my sight rested upon the ivy-clad walls of Mallow Castle, thoughts of former days came crowding on my mind. Here was the scene of many a pleasant hour with those I never more

should see on earth. Here the owner of this noble demesne had received me with kindness—farther on I saw Carrigoon, where I had been on a visit to those dear friends who had ceased to dwell there, and then we saw Carrig, and on the banks of the river was Ballyellis. As I chatted with my old servant about the sportsmen of the district through which we passed, we spoke of Tom Courtenay, long celebrated as the princely owner of Ballyedmond and some of the best horses in Ireland.

"When I lived at Ballyedmond with Mr. Courtenay," said Carty, "we went regularly for a month to hunt with the Ormond fox-hounds, and always stopped at Walsh's, who catered for the Kilkenny Club. No better place for man or baste. One evening afther the Club dinner, the talk was about horses doing all kinds of queer things, and my master said 'he had a horse, then in the stable, that he would back for a hundred to carry him across the table at which they were then sitting, taking their wine.'

"'You must get the table down stairs first, Mr. Courtenay,' said the Marquis of Ormond.

"'Be no manes, my Lord,' replied my master.

"'Surely your horse could never come up these stairs,' said my Lord.

"Now the stairs, as is often the case in hotels, was edged with thin copper sheeting, worn as smooth and as slippery as ice, so no wonder at those words.

"'My bet is that he'll carry me over the table in this room,' said my master; 'will any gentleman take my bet?'

"'I do,' said the Marquis.

"'And I,' said Lord James, his brother.

"'And I,' said Mr. O'Ryan, of Jigginstown.

"'Any more?' asked my master, pulling out his little book, and noting the bets. There was no one else inclined to sport that evening.

"'When is this extraordinary feat to come off?' asked the Marquis.

"'No time like the present,' replied the master, and he rang the bell. When the waiter came to

know what was wanted, the master asked 'if he knew where I was?' He told the master I had just come in from the stable, and was down stairs. Mr. Courtenay then came to me, and said he wanted a saddle and bridle on Charley.

"Now Charley was a horse that could do anything except read a newspaper, and I can't say he could not do that same, for I never saw him tried. But he could do anything a dog could do—except bark. I put the saddle and bridle on Charley, and he was a'most aware that he was expected to astonish the natives, for he was unusually frisky. I could hardly put the saddle on him, but when the master said, 'Charley, be asy,' he grew as quiet as a lamb. When he was bridled and saddled, the master got on his back, and fair and asy he rode up the steps into the hall of the inn.

"'Go up the stairs before me with a light, Carty,' said the master, 'and let Charley see what he has to do.'

"Accordingly I held the light, and when Charley saw the shining steps of stairs, he snorted, as much as to say 'I do not like that.' Now just

in the middle of the stairs there was tarpauling nailed, which gave a better hoult than the slippery brass, and Charley spotted this, cutely. So up he climbs, step by step, with the master on his back, without one false slip. My eyes, how the boys of Kilkenny did stare when the master had to get down to lade Charley into the room, where they left their sates to see him come up the stairs on horseback.

"'Here we are, gentlemen,' said Mr. Courtenay, remounting opposite the table.

"'Had we not better clear the table where you mean to try the leap, Courtenay?' asked Lord James Ormond.

"There was wine in decanters, besides glasses and claret jugs, and dessert, all over the long dinner table.

"'No occasion, Lord James,' said the master; 'if I break anything, Walsh may put it in my bill. I'll just trouble you to put the lights at the side, if you please.'

"The gentlemen then came to look on, and some stood on one side, and some on the other.

The master patted Charley, and rode him from one side round the table to show there was lashings of room, and no fear of his striking his head against the wall after landing. Charley seemed to understand the whole affair, and cocked his ears, as much as to say 'All right!'

"'Now then, Charley, hark forward!' cried the master, and with a little run from the place where he stood, he brought his active hunter well up. Charley made a bound like a deer, and, to the amazement of the gentlemen, he cleared table, decanters, glasses, and all, and landed on the off side without touching, clear and clane, to our pride. Cheers which you could hear at Windgap marked the applause of all present at this wonderful leap, and the Marquis, and Lord James, and Mr. O'Ryan, as they paid their bets, declared they never beheld anything to equal it, and offered to buy Charley at any price; but the master did not take any of their offers, and kept Charley till he died of old age."

Carty's story brought us to the long hill of Rockforest, so I jumped down, and walked up the

hill. The scenery of the Blackwater here is very beautiful as it rolls along by fertile meadows and rocky banks to meet the Awbeg beneath the grand old ruins of Bridgetown Abbey. We soon beheld the bridge of Killevullen, and there, crowning the ledge of rock rising sheer and bold from the river's bed, stood the hospitable mansion of my life-long friend, Mr. Hennessy.

CHAPTER VI.

A HOUSE OF MOURNING—HOT WORDS—A SAD DUEL.

WHILE I gazed upon the outlines of the well-situated mansion, thoughts were busy in my brain. I remembered how I had played there as a boy with James and Mary. How often I had ridden my pony over to breakfast when the hounds met near, and, after a day's hunt, returned to dine and sleep. Then, in more advanced years, Mary and I had been so dear to each other, and when I sought her in marriage, her refusal on the ground of ill-health, then so vaguely, now so fully borne out. True the doctor said there was no hope. *No hope?*—sad, depressing words; when all the evils left Pandora's box, there was hope left—here, alas! there was *none!*

I told Carty to drive to the house, so he turned from the high road, and we reached the principal entrance. The wide iron gates were open, but

the lodge was shut, and apparently empty; Carty drove round the sweep of the avenue, and we soon arrived at the hall door—it, too, lay open. The hall was crowded with the inhabitants of the village, and many of the tenants, all of them devoted to the family of the "great house." They were now in every attitude denoting grief and sorrow. The women wept, and the men spoke in whispers, with that sad, weary look which tells so deeply of the mourning heart—one or two of them knew me, and saluted me. I needed not to ask what had brought them there—Mary Hennessy was dead!

Though I had in some measure prepared myself for this, now that the sad reality was before me in all its first bitterness, I felt sick and dizzy. I was stunned, and uncertain whether I ought to go in or wait a little, when the wailing cry of an old man in sorrow came through the house. "God comfort him this day," rose from many a lip, and decided my wavering. I jumped down from the outside car, and proceeding through the well-known passages, I went to the drawing-

room. Here I found James Hennessy with Father Piercy and Doctor Macniell.

"James," I said, "how is your father bearing it?"

"It will break his heart, I fear," he replied, pressing my hand.

"I thank God you are come, Terence," cried the priest; "he was always fond of you. The sight of you will do him more good than all my preaching."

Turning to the doctor, I said, "Of course, my dear friend, you know that I cannot be in any fit state to join your party to-day."

"Oh! Terence, you must not leave us," interrupted James Hennessy. "It was God sent you here to comfort my poor father."

"I cannot expect you," said the doctor; "I myself am deeply grieved, but as I told you last night, I knew she could not last, and from the first I had no hopes. Let me see you soon, O'Shaughnessy."

He then left Father Piercy and me together.

James had left the room for a moment, and

then beckoned us to follow him. We went silently upstairs to the bed-room in which Mary died. How pure, how fresh it looked in its snowy hangings. There lay, in the cold embrace of death, the form of dear, gentle Mary. There in her youth and beauty, wasted, indeed, and her features worn by the illness which robbed her of life, but they looked as though moulded in alabaster, as they stood out, like alto relievo, from the bed on which she reclined. I bent over and pressed my lips to that snowy brow, which I once sought to make my own; the curtain was drawn aside as I did so, and I saw Mr. Hennessy. He silently reached out his hand to me, and, with a mournful glance at the bed, burst into tears.

"It will do him good," whispered the priest. After a little time Father Piercy said, "Do not grieve immoderately for the blessed—Mary has made a good exchange. Her life was one long preparation for the bliss which she now enjoys." After these consoling words, Father Piercy left us.

"I'll not stay behind her long," cried the bereaved old man; then turning to me, he said, "When did you hear of it, Terence?"

"I was told last night she was hopelessly ill, and only now heard of her death."

"She left us early this morning—so calm and easy that we thought she was sleeping; it was, indeed, the sleep that knows no waking."

"She was ill a long time, longer than she let us know," I said.

"Yes," he replied; "but you know how cheerful and lively she always was, and she did not like to distress me, so my darling never complained."

"I knew she was ill, this long time," I said, thoughtlessly.

"How came you to know that she was delicate?" he inquired quickly.

Thinking it would divert the mourner's attention, I told him exactly what had occurred during my visit when I proposed for Mary, and it interested him exceedingly. "I did not know, Terence," he said, "you loved one another so much; I

always valued you as a dear friend, and the son of dear friends ; you are henceforward doubly dear to me for poor Mary's sake. Of course you will stay here—till—till—'tis all over, though Heaven knows 'tis a mourning house to come to."

I promised I would stay, and James went to have my portmanteau taken to my old quarters. I then dismissed William Carty, and assisted James in receiving the various neighbours, friends, and relations, who testified their respect for the family, by spending the night in the house of the dead.

I need not dwell upon the details of the funeral ; they are common to all, and present the same miserable routine. The deceased girl was tenderly loved by all who knew her, and most of the young ladies of the neighbourhood came to take their last farewell of their beloved Mary.

When the morning of the funeral came we had our hardest task with my poor old friend. James Hennessy tried to get him out of the room where his sister reposed in her coffin, but he failed. We had an early mass, and the numerous carriages on

the gravelled sweep before the house, and along the avenue, showed that every vehicle for miles round had brought the neighbours to the funeral. The tenants requested the privilege of bearing their dear young mistress to the burial-place, and all was ready for the last journey earthwards.

"Come, sir," said James, "you are wanted down stairs."

"I'll not leave this, James," said Mr. Hennessy sternly, as if he knew why he was required to leave the room.

"Now, my dear friend, is the time for you to show courage! Come with me," said Father Piercy, quietly taking his hand.

"I'll stay here with my child, sir," said the poor old man.

"You said you would regard me with affection for her sake," said I, pressing close to his side; "then prove it now. Come to my room, dear, dear friend, and she will be glad to find you remember your promise to me."

"Yes, Terence, you have conquered," he said, as he cast himself upon my breast. "O, Mary!

my darling child, are you gone before me?" he cried convulsively; "I thought you would have closed my eyes, my sweet angel, but you are gone to join those who are more like you than any you have left behind. You loved Killevullen, and your birds and your flowers, but they are not half so sweet or blooming as the place where you are now. And now, Terence, she has left me, but I have one comfort, it will not be for long." This thought brightened his sad face, and with him leaning upon my arm, I drew him gently into my room. Here some of the ladies who were very intimate kept the poor old man engaged in conversation, while I slipt away, and joined James in the funeral procession.

The coffin was borne upon the shoulders of the tenants from the house to the churchyard of Monanimy, distant only about half-a-mile, and the little school girls of the village, who looked up to her as the patroness, in white frocks and black sashes, strewed flowers along the line. There were several priests, wearing each a white scarf, with a number of white-cloaked women, and crape

and gloves were liberally supplied to all the gentlemen. The display of hatbands upon the drivers of the vehicles and the tenants showed how Mr. Hennessy had resolved the remains of his beloved child should be honoured in death.

The old churchyard presented a concourse of mourners such as was seldom seen there since the days when the knights of St. John of Jerusalem founded the Castle of Monanimy. Amid the universal grief of all, who ever found in the dear departed a gentle mistress and a loving friend, we heard the rumbling of the clay upon the coffin lid, and left Mary to sleep with her ancestors.

Rumours of a very sad event in Fermoy barracks had reached the house of mourning. We heard that an officer had been shot in a duel, and now, as Dr. Macniell came to visit Mr. Hennessy, whose recent vigils and the distress consequent upon Mary's death had caused anxiety to us, we asked him what the facts of the case were.

"You shall have them *ab initio*," replied the doctor. "I grieve to say, though not *pars magna fui*, I have witnessed a great deal of this most

unfortunate affair. The dispute arose at my table the day you could not dine with me, Captain," he continued. "I had invited a large party, the Greens and Geary, the five Denbys, Montgomery, and several officers, among them, Major MacSawney, of the Highlanders, and young Plantagenet Toppington, of the Lancers. We were very jovial and pleasant, talking of hunting, racing, and the like until twelve o'clock, when we had a bit of supper and more punch. Whether Toppington drank too much, or what was amiss with him, I don't know; but two or three times he made remarks of a decidedly offensive nature to old MacSawney, and I had to change the conversation to prevent angry words. A general break up followed supper, but unluckily Major MacSawney, Toppington, and some others of the military sat round the table, and the conversation took a pipeclay tone. Toppington claimed for the Household troops all Wellington's victories, and praised them sky-high.

"'All vera true, sir,' said old MacSawney; 'no one kens better than I, for I saw maist of it; but

when you come to gie the praise, mon, remember 'twas the cauld steel that did the wark.'

"'What do you mean by that, sir?' asked Toppington, sharply.

"'Twas the Line, mon, that won the day for the Duke.'

"'Major MacSawney,' cried Toppington, 'there's no use in arguing with you. You know nothing at all about it.'

"The hot Celtic blood rushed to the old Major's weather-beaten cheeks as the young Cornet spoke. I felt mischief would follow, if not prevented, and, by way of changing the conversation, asked old MacSawney to mix another glass, but the old man was silent. At last he said to Toppington, 'Retract your words, sir, or take the consequences.'

"'I have nothing to retract,' insolently replied the Lancer.

"The Major rose, and telling Locksly, one of his Captains, he wanted him outside, wished me good night, and bowing to the others at table left the room, followed by Captain Locksly.

When he was gone, all of us opened on Toppington, and told him plainly we thought he ought to apologize. That he had no right to speak as he had done to a senior officer who had seen the service Major MacSawney had, and that he would do well to be advised by us. But he was inflexible. At that moment Captain Locksly returned, and most courteously expressing to me the regret he felt at having a very unpleasant duty to discharge towards any guest of mine, intimated to Mr. Plantagenet Toppington that Major MacSawney demanded either an immediate apology or an immediate meeting.

"'I shall give him no apology, but am ready to meet him whenever he likes,' was the young officer's reply.

"Captain Locksly withdrew, and presently reappeared. 'The Major will be on the exercising ground, near the quarry, at six in the morning,' he said.

"'I'll be sure to meet him,' answered Toppington.

"Locksly then said,' Good night, gentlemen,' and

presently I heard the hall door open and shut, and he and the Major went out together. Again we implored Toppington to allow any of us to hurry after the Major with some expression of his regret, but he was dogged and defiant. 'The old fool,' he said, 'is as ignorant as an ass. I'll make no apology.' He then asked several of the officers present to act as second, but nearly all declined. A young subaltern, who I suppose took compassion upon him, though indeed I felt none, said he would act as his second, and they left for the barracks. We sat on, and I was very much inclined to inform the police, and request them to prevent the duel; but I knew you gentlemen of the sword are very touchy upon points of honour, and as there were so many military men present, none of whom felt inclined to interfere, I did not like to appear officious by doing so; now that it is too late I very deeply regret my conduct. We heard the work-bell from the square chime a quarter to six, and then the party rose and said they would go to the exercising ground where the duel was to be

fought. 'Perhaps I may be of use, professionally,' I said, taking a case of instruments from the shelf. We crossed the bridge, and breasted Barrack Hill. As we passed the General Hospital, near the entrance to the race-course, which is also the exercising ground for the troops, I saw Toppington and his young friend a little way before us, proceeding towards the quarry, where Major MacSawney and Captain Locksly were already arrived.

"'Can nothing be done to avert possible bloodshed?' I exclaimed. Major Horold, who was next in seniority to Major MacSawney, went to Toppington's second, and they conversed earnestly together. The second then communicated with his principal. I watched him narrowly, and I saw, by his petulant expression, he was inflexible—nay, angry with his second. The result was as I feared. Major Horold's effort was fruitless. The duel must go on.

"Twelve paces were measured along the boundary ditch between the race-course and Mr. Austin's land, and the principals were placed, pistol

in hand. At the word 'fire,' only one pistol was discharged. Major MacSawney's pistol flashed in the pan and burnt priming. Toppington demanded a fresh pistol should be given him.

"'What!' exclaimed Major MacSawney, in tones of surprise, 'is Mr. Toppington asking to fire a second shot at me?'

"'Certainly; I am not here for fools' play,' retorted Toppington.

"'As you please, sir,' calmly said the Major. 'Just change my pistol, too, Locksly;' and having received fresh pistols, the fatal word again was uttered.

"Both pistols went off so simultaneously I only heard one report. The Major stood erect as a ramrod; but throwing up his arms with a scream of pain, Toppington leaped high in the air and fell lifeless with a bullet through his heart.

"I shall never forget the sight. I rushed up instantly to see if I could be of any use, but I saw at a glance, from the direction in which the body was struck, human aid was powerless. The poor

old Major flung himself beside the corpse of his late foe, and bewailed his ill-luck. It was poor consolation to be told that Toppington had brought it all upon himself. The Major would not be comforted. At length Major Horold said that as the law prohibited duelling, prudence suggested the necessity of both Captain Locksly and the Major's absence until it was known what steps would be taken. This roused Major MacSawney from the dejection into which he was plunged, and both the Major and his second left Fermoy at once. I understand they have gone to England. There will be an inquest, at which, of course, my evidence will show that, far as the barbarous practice of duelling can palliate bloodshed, this is a case in point."

The doctor then visited his patient. Rest, and such society as would divert his mind from dwelling upon the sad blank in his household, was the only prescription needed. I stayed on, walking over all dear Mary's favourite haunts in the grounds with the bereaved parent; listening

to his little anecdotes of her ceaseless goodness, her boundless charity, her untiring exertions for the welfare of the poor and distressed, until summoned by Lord Glanville to prepare for accompanying him to the seat of his government.

CHAPTER VII.

DEPARTURE FOR AUSTRALIA—OUR VOYAGE—ARRIVAL AT MELBOURNE — HUNTING IN VICTORIA — SOCIETY AT THE ANTIPODES—AUSTRALIAN HORSES.

MY preparations for the position I was to fill on Lord Glanville's staff were soon made. The equipments I procured when appointed an aide-de-camp to the Lord Lieutenant answered, with some slight alterations, and, in a short time, I joined the Governor of Victoria at his Irish home. Here all was bustle and stir. Lady Glanville and the children were surrounded by packages of every shape and size, for it appears to me one of the hallucinations of the human mind, that when we are about to change our domicile, or go even on a visit of a few days, we cannot bear to leave anything behind. We think we shall want this and want that, and the baggage that might, for our needs, fit in a carpet-bag, swells into the dimen-

sions of a huge trunk or portmanteau. Of course such a family as the Glanville's, with their large establishment of governess, servants, and ladies' maids, could not manage without a quantity of articles which each regarded as indispensable. When collected they presented an array of trunks, boxes, portmanteaus, and other baggage perfectly formidable to contemplate.

There was much to be done in the way of leave-taking, and the poor of the village, to whom Lady Glanville had ministered with provident care, bewailed her departure in tones of genuine grief. She took care, however, that their needs should not suffer by her departure, and gave the Rector, Reverend Simon Hayward, and Father Matt Horgan, the parish priest, *carte blanche*, to allow no deserving family to want in her absence. When matters were in proper trim, Lord Glanville went over to London, to get his instructions from the Colonial Office, leaving me to accompany my lady and family to Southampton. When his lordship was ready to sail he found us at that port, which we reached after a good passage and no

casualties. At Southampton we got on board the Royal Albert, and bade the white cliffs of Albion farewell.

Sea sickness—the depressing, racking, head-splitting, nauseating *maladie de mer*, which landsmen feel so despondingly—kept our party to their cabins for the first week. Gradually recovering, they rose buoyant and sprightly from their berths, and enjoyed their release from the pangs of sickness, and the close atmosphere of the lower regions. We had not much to vary the daily routine of eating, drinking, promenading, reading, and writing. Lord and Lady Glanville occupied themselves a good deal instructing the children, and Miss Mills, their governess, was quite an acquisition. She was, indeed, a model governess, perfectly competent to teach, and taking a pleasure in teaching. How delightful it is to see this. Natural instincts point out the female sex as our earliest and best instructors. The principles of religion and morality are instilled by them with tenfold more winning emphasis than men are gifted with. Miss Mills felt the deep re-

sponsibility of her position, and what to others might be an irksome duty, was to her a labour of love. Having said so much for the vocation of our young governess, I may add, as she is now married, a description of her personal charms. She was of more than average height, yet did not appear awkwardly tall, perhaps from the extreme symmetry of her lithe and shapely figure. She moved with a sort of undulating grace, that was, in its ease and quiet movement, itself a charm; and in whatever occupation she happened to be seen, whether teaching, or singing, walking or dancing, of which she was fond, there was always observable that earnest and tranquil mood that bespeaks the gentlewoman, and which must come by nature, for it cannot be taught. She was not deficient in humour for all her demure manner, and many a joyous laugh had we, in after-days, as we rambled through the thronged saloons of Government House at Melbourne.

As I was the most experienced navigator of our party, it was to me they all referred on any occasion demanding information. I was constantly

employed amusing the children, pointing out the various birds that followed the ship. The snowy albatross, molly-hawks, Cape pigeons, and the stormy petrel, or Mother Carey's chickens, as they are sometimes called—these afforded the children great amusement. It would appear almost incredible to watch the flight of these birds circling round and round, thus flying at least twice the distance the ship sailed in the same period of time. I fished with hook and line for birds to amuse the little Glanvilles, and we caught a large albatross. These birds look small when flying round the ship, but they are of considerable size, and measure several feet from the extremities of their wings. I also pointed out some whales to my little friends, and tried to keep them amused until we beheld land. When the coast became visible, the promontory looked high and bluff, and trees grew to the very brink of the precipice. At Port Philip Heads the coast did not look very inviting; it was rocky, barren, and devoid of trees. In due time the pilot took us in charge, and brought us into Hobson Bay, amid the booming of cannon,

the fluttering of flags, the crowding of the inhabitants to see and welcome the new Governor, and the band playing the National Anthem. His Excellency, Lady Glanville, family, and suite, landed in Melbourne, and took up their residence in Government House. Melbourne, if not quite as well known as London or Dublin, has been so often described that I shall not attempt a description of it. It is a wonderful place to have grown up in a short time. I have known those who said that a few years ago there were only an hotel and a wooden building at Liardet's Beach, and it is now the populous suburb of Sandridge, joined to Melbourne by the Sandridge Railway. The street architecture of Melbourne cannot boast much of regularity, three-storied houses, like bloated aristocrats, looking down contemptuously upon humble neighbours in the shape of log-huts. We found Government House a very commodious dwelling, and for attention and respect shown us we had, indeed, nothing to complain of.

There was, of course, a good deal of party and political feeling in the colony, but the Governor

was a man of considerable administrative talent, great moderation, and much parliamentary experience. He knew the character of the chiefs of parties — one, a distinguished countryman, having been a member of the House of Commons in his time, and though this gentleman was then accused of holding very extreme views upon political questions, the colonists were wise enough to place him in a position by which he was enabled to carry his measures into effect, and the result fully justified their wisdom. A near namesake of my own, too, was a very able, energetic man, while, in one of the judges, Sir Edmond Barrett, I found an old and esteemed friend. The Attorney-General, Mr. Erin, I also knew in early days, and several other Irish emigrants hailed me as an acquaintance. Thus I found myself as much at home at the antipodes as if I was in Patrick Street, Cork, or walking along Sackville Street in Dublin. My duties afforded me plenty of time for indulging in field sports, and the zest with which his Excellency supported everything of the kind in the colony, tended very materially to increase his

popularity. He and I hunted regularly with the Victoria hounds. The ground we had to get over in the neighbourhood of Melbourne, was by no means favourable for good sport. Dense woods, deep ravines, salt creeks, and sandy tracts prevented the scent from lying, and the fences were truly formidable. Yet such riders as the Governor and his aide-de-camp were not easily daunted, and, to the great delight of the citizens of Melbourne, they found his Excellency taking the rail fences of ironbark timber without swerving, and crushing a clump of burnt wattle bushes without regard to the sooty condition in which he was sure to place his pearly doeskins, or spinning over lemon hedges without respecting the juicy fruit.

The hours for our meet in Victoria reminded me of our sport in India. We rose at daybreak, when the dew was on the ground, and our fox was usually the dingo, or native dog, which our hounds hunted as if he had been a veritable vulpine quadruped. Kangaroos also afforded good sport. For hunting them we had very powerful dogs, few in number,

but capable of encountering this formidable beast. In shape the kangaroo hound resembles the grey-hound, only he is much larger and of coarser form. I remember being much amused by the singular movements of this object of chase, when I hunted a kangaroo for the first time. On he came, using a succession of leaps from the rear, as the fore-paws take no part in the motion. When I espied our game, I naturally cried, "Hark forward! Tally-ho!" and the hounds no sooner saw the animal flying in front than they started in hot pursuit. The ground was open, and I was well mounted, so up hill we went at a pace that equalled fox-hunting. I thought up hill we were sure to run into our "daddy long legs," as little Hubert Glanville called the kangaroo, but we did not. He reached the ridge, and then down hill he went at a tremendous pace. The kangaroo always goes much faster down than up hill; he springs a greater distance, and can gather himself with greater ease to repeat his leap, than when facing rising ground. In this respect the kangaroo and the hare differ; for the

hare goes faster on an ascent than descent, but the hare uses its fore legs, which the kangaroo does not.

I feared we should be beaten, for the country grew difficult, and was intersected by fissures filled with water, and huge trees, which had either fallen by the woodman's axe or natural decay, encumbered the ground. It was rough work, riding here, but I had an active horse, and after half an hour's run the dogs pulled down the kangaroo. This animal is often very dangerous, especially to young dogs, who are no match for him if he claws them with his hind feet. When hard run, the kangaroo often takes to the water, and sometimes drowns the dogs as they swim in his track.

The flesh of the kangaroo is not unlike venison, and I can answer for the tail making excellent soup.

Horses at Melbourne were of all kinds. We procured some excellent ones, both for saddle and harness. The stockmasters are always well supplied, so the possession of good horses or screws is a mere question of price. You must pay a good

price if you want a good horse. I was never partial to shooting; therefore I cannot say much about winged game in Australia, but I have heard good sport for the dog and gun may be obtained. There are no game laws in force, no danger of surly gamekeepers interfering with the stranger in the gates. Bustards are about the best bird for eating; partridges and quails I have also seen very plump. I ought, perhaps, to say something about the society of Government House. Melbourne, like every other city, has its sets, and these regard each other with intense rivalry. Of course we knew, or pretended to know, nothing of all this. Lady Glanville kept quite aloof from all contending parties. She saw a good deal of company, and her parties were truly enjoyable; she had that charm of manner which makes every one feel at home with her. The military were always at her balls, and as these formed great attraction for young ladies, they were sure to bring the mammas with marriageable daughters to Government House.

The professional, mercantile, and official classes

of Melbourne also attended, and during our stay the society was gay and agreeable. The public institutions appeared extremely well managed, and his Excellency took great interest in all matters of an educational, charitable, and industrial character. He did this not only in Melbourne, but throughout the Colony committed to his care. He made frequent tours, sometimes accompanied by Lady Glanville, always by me, so, were this a fitting place to detail such progresses, I could descant at considerable length upon his vigilance, and the anxiety he always displayed to promote the best interests of this rising country. I made many acquaintances during my residence at Melbourne, and had an opportunity of seeing country life which deserves a place among the records of my sporting career.

CHAPTER VIII.

HOW WE GOT RID OF THE KANGAROOS.

AMONG the country gentlemen who received me with the utmost cordiality was my friend Mr. Conway, "the squatter," as he was familiarly called. I found him an exceedingly pleasant, agreeable man. What his antecedents were remained shrouded in mystery. Whether he was an exile from choice and not necessity, intent on shearing his own sheep, feeding his own bullocks, cultivating his own lands after the manner of the patriarchs, we never knew; but we did know he was a hospitable, courteous, gentlemanly man, glad to have a social party assembled in his house, where he treated them like a prince, and they were free to stay as long as they found it pleasant.

Conway and I had from our first acquaintance become very great friends, and with his Excellency's leave I went to pay him a visit. I had been

staying at his station near the bush for some days, and I could not help being concerned at seeing a cloud gradually settling upon his usually joyous face, dimming the brightness of his eyes, and making his laugh forced and unnatural. I resolved to fathom the mystery. I took the opportunity one day, when he and I were enjoying a mild Havannah, to ask him what was troubling him.

"You have something annoying you, Conway." He nodded assent.

"You know, old fellow," I said, "there are a few hundreds to my credit in the Melbourne bank, and if they are of the least use——"

"A thousand thanks, my dear O'Shaughnessy," he replied, "it is not money that bothers me——"

"Well, then, if it's a fair lady who is unconscious of your claims to her good graces, there's as good fish——"

"Fair lady be—" I must not finish the ungallant speech, which in truth never was finished; for at that moment his head stockman appeared, and

unceremoniously exclaimed—"Them devils are there again, sir, in droves."

"Oh!" groaned Conway, "what the deuce can we do?"

"What's the matter?" I inquired.

"The kangaroos," replied the master. "The kangaroos," echoed the servant, adding in a reproachful tone, "We're just eat off the land, and master's so tender-hearted he wont follow my plan, and be just rid of them."

"Would not your dogs chase them?" I asked.

"Yes," said my host, "and many a run we had; but the worst is, these devils show fight, and tear and claw the poor hounds with their ugly nails. Now, however, they come in such multitudes no dogs can come to terms with them, and as they are eating up all my best pastures I am sorely puzzled how to drive them off."

"Could you not shoot them?" I asked. "We'll get you the soldiers."

"My dear fellow, it would take all the troops in Melbourne, and all the powder and ball in the

district, to rid us of the multitudes that infest our farms," replied Conway.

"You had best follow my plan, sir," interposed the stockman.

"What do you advise?" I inquired.

"Just a regular battue, sir. I've seen it tried when I was in Ararat, and we gave the beasties such a polishing off, that we cleared the district, and they never growed there again."

"It's such a cold-blooded thing," pleaded Conway.

"Nothing of the kind, sir," argued the stockman. "Quite a lively warm day's work. If you give me leave, I'll have all my arrangements made in a month's time, and you never had better sport in your life than the kangaroos' battue." This speech reminded me of the old fable of the boys and frogs, and my host, having given a reluctant consent, swallowed a glass of brandy—a libation to the Fates—we liquored round, and the stockman took his leave.

I had to return to Melbourne on duty with his Excellency next day, and about three weeks

elapsed, when the post brought me a letter from Conway, informing me that the stockman had all his plans for the grand battue in forwardness, asking me to repair to the scene of action, and to bring with me as many sporting friends as I could collect, who should chance to be well mounted and good horsemen, for otherwise they would be in bodily danger. The 99th were then at Melbourne, and the regiment comprised several Irish friends who were well known on the short grass and steeplechase course. Poor Will Mostyn, of the Grenadier company, Sam Harris, of the Light company, MacDonagh and Ferguson—these youngsters liked nothing better than the chance of fast riding, extensive jostling, no end of slaughter, and drinking without stint. They accepted the invite with three cheers. On my way down I became aware of the general interest which the battue excited throughout the district. Numbers of men on horses and on foot were seen converging from every point of the compass towards Conway's station. Within the walls of his capacious mansion a supply of provisions and drink was

prepared, which did immortal honour to the squatter's hospitality. Half a score of sheep and half-a-dozen bullocks were ready dressed; and such store of ales, wines, and other fluids as were broached, would make the hair of a teetotaller stand on end. The house was choke full, every bed-room was a barrack-room, and people lay down to sleep without much regard to the article of bedding. We were all to start with the first peep of dawn, and some hard goers sat up all night to be up early in the morning. Morning is up early in these latitudes, and some three hours after midnight the house was astir. Then the eating commenced. I remember the fact, for we had such a stunning breakfast. Hot steaks, chops, devilled turkeys, cold rounds, marmalade, jams, candied oranges, citrons, lemons, to say nothing of such familiar edibles as toast and eggs. The domestics, male and female, kept perpetually pouring out tea and coffee as from inexhaustible vessels, that certainly showed the housekeeper's resources were fully equal to the occasion. This important part of the day's programme over, we

sallied forth to the railed enclosure, known as the horse-yard, to mount, and here Mrs. Glass's celebrated receipt for hare-soup—"first catch your hare"—had to be put in practice. Some of the vast drove of horses were kicking, others biting and plunging. The process of bridling and saddling was no easy work, but *labor omnia vincit* was our motto, and in due time we were all *en cheval.* The more ardent youths could not resist popping their horses over the logs lying temptingly in their way, while the older hands reserved their nags for the day's hard work.

While pursuing our line of route to the woods in which the herds of kangaroos were reported to congregate, we passed some of Conway's fleecy stock. Their famished condition showed it was time to make the effort to clear the pastures of the wild beasts that made the fields and their ribs quite bare. Conway, who rode next me, explained the trap into which our game was to be driven. The outer circle consisted of lanes, formed by split rails of considerable height; this was necessary, for kangaroos have extraordinary

powers of leaping. These led into a large enclosed space, well fenced by strong posts, so high and close that no attempt to break through or overleap could succeed. We were, as far as possible, to extend our files, and hem in the droves of kangaroos, so as to induce them to enter these lanes. Then by keeping close behind they could not turn tail and charge through us, until, having driven them into the enclosed yard, they were then to receive the *coup de grâce.* The stockman evidently knew what he was about, and with his mates, all the stockmen of the district, who had a direct interest in the success of the day's work, and were to be rewarded with the skins, prepared these traps from which there was no escaping. At a glance we saw how admirably the trap was planned. Conway and his stockmen assumed command of the attacking party. A well-mounted band covered the country for a couple of miles in crescent form, enclosing woods and wolds, plains and hills, gulleys and pastures, every spot where a long tail could lurk.

We started immense herds of kangaroos, and

as we proceeded, now through the glades of the vast Australian forest, now over ground broken by volcanic action in bygone years, again through the channels of dried-up rivers, or over wide prairies, brown with burnt herbage, we could see the long range of frightened beasts, proceeding in their bounding motion towards the place of execution. They were of all ages and sizes. The old men, as the larger ones are called, towered above the inferior creatures as giants over ordinary mortals. There were bucks, does, and wallabys, as the smaller variety of kangaroo is called. Next come the dogs of every breed—

> "Mongrel, puppy, whelp and hound,
> And cur of low degree."

Woe betide the unhappy kangaroo that fell into the ravenous jaws of this motley canine rabble. It was wonderful to see the enormous number of fur-covered beasts rushing pell-mell to get to a bourne whence there was no outlet for escape. As we approached the long extended line of posts forming the outer lane, the foremost kan-

garoos, seeing no barrier beyond, rushed along precipitately. They were closely followed by the main body, evidently desirous of leaving their pursuers behind. This was exactly what we desired. With the activity of accomplished cavaliers, the assembled sportsmen whipped in the stragglers, closed up the mouth of the lane, and hemmed in the herds of kangaroos. It was an exciting scene, and we all felt as though success depended on our individual efforts. The crackings of the stockmen's whips were loud and sharp as rifle practice, while the cry of the hounds, the shouts of the horsemen, the shrill small voices of all the boys in the district, made a very Babel of sounds. Our only danger was in the drove turning tail, and "trying back," when a fierce contest might ensue, and to guard against this we kept them going ahead, at the rate that Tam o'Shanter went when his famous mare was chased by the fiends of Allonby. Once the kangaroos showed symptoms of fight, when the leaders of the herd approached the *cul de sac.* Their instinct whispered danger, and, pausing in their

pace, they were joined by the main body. Then much confusion prevailed, for, flogged on by the whips of the stockmen, bitten by the dogs, and dreading the posse of horsemen in pursuit, the kangaroos behind struggled to get forward, and pushed on those who sought to rush back. A scene of scrambling and tumbling ensued, like a faction fight at an Irish fair. Every one was slashing away on his own account, and *sauve qui peut* was the word. "Now, boys, close up; give them no room," shouted Conway. "Rear ranks take close order," yelled Will Mostyn of the 99th, while the herd, again plunging madly forward, seemed to defy pursuit.

"Now we have them!" cried the stockmen, laying their long whips on the backs of the kangaroos within reach, and in a few minutes the immense droves passed into the area. In another minute the stockmen closed large gates, ready prepared to fill up the opening through which the herd passed, and the prey was caught. I wish I could draw a veil over the scene that ensued, for, alas! the poor kangaroos' fate was

sealed. Their death was a political necessity—for they ate the herbage needed for the cattle, and one or other must give way. The stock-master and stockmen vowed it should not be their property. Thus they argued, and in their scales the value of the stock weighed heavy, while the lives of the kangaroos ran up and kicked the beam. Weapons of all sorts were stored—"mighty convanient," as we say in Erin—spears, swords, clubs, loaded whips, life-preservers, all at hand and ready for use. Heated and excited by the chase, the savage nature of the hunters was roused, and all went in for destruction. The kangaroo is soon despatched by a blow on the head, but the full-grown ones often show fight, and if not struck down may prove ugly customers. There was not much question of fighting here. Terrified, exhausted, and crowded, the kangaroos were easily killed, and, the stockmen regarding them as lawful prey, knocked them on the head without pity.

CHAPTER IX.

I SAVE LADY GLANVILLE—MY RECOVERY—DEPARTURE FROM MELBOURNE.

SHORTLY after my return from the slaughter of the kangaroos, an accident occurred which very nearly brought my career to a full stop. Lady Glanville was nearly killed, and, in saving her, my own life was all but forfeited. It happened thus. Her ladyship was an excellent whip, and fond of driving. She had a little pony-phaeton drawn by a pair of cream-coloured ponies, that for size, shape, and temper, could not be excelled. They were safe and swift, well-tempered, fine in the mouth, and so easy to drive that we fearlessly trusted her ladyship to go out only attended by her little page. The seat beside her was usually occupied by one or other of the children—sometimes by his Excellency, or Miss Mills. One day I had been hunting with his

Excellency from dawn, and we had excellent sport. We killed three dingoes after very fair runs. His Excellency left me behind, as he had despatches to prepare for the Colonial Office, and I was slowly proceeding homewards, when I met the little carriage containing Lady Glanville, Reginald the eldest son, and the page. She pulled up when I approached. "I see, from the condition of your horse, you have had good sport," she said.

"Yes, I never saw better hunting since I have been here."

"Is it a difficult country to cross?" she inquired.

"Extremely," I replied; "your ladyship can have no idea of the fences we meet. A horse needs be active to carry the rider here."

"That seems a well-shaped horse you ride. I did not see him before."

"No, you did not," I said. "I only bought him yesterday, and rode him for the first time to-day. He is an excellent fencer, but, as you see, not quite in hunting condition, but he'll improve."

I then lifted my hat, and she whipped on the ponies. There was a sharp angle of the road just where we parted, at the foot of a very steep hill. Almost mechanically when my horse moved forward I turned in my saddle to look after her carriage, and a fearful sight met my gaze. A large lumbering omnibus was rapidly coming down the hill, right upon Lady Glanville's little phaeton. With a cry of horror I crammed the spurs into my horse, wheeled him round, and dashed past Lady Glanville. I was just in time to save her. The pole of the omnibus caught my poor horse in the chest, and stayed the progress of the vehicle for a second, during which Lady Glanville whipped her ponies clear off the track, for, with a crash, the pole snapped and the omnibus toppled over and fell, crushing my horse and me beneath its weight. I felt dizzy, and lost all consciousness. How long I lay under the massive omnibus, and what was the result of the accident, I did not learn for more than two months, during which time my life flickered like a failing lamp. When I awoke to consciousness I found myself in the Governor's

apartments, occupying a bed-room next his own. I was aware some one was in the room with me. I felt weak and sore, with that sense of debility which is the accompaniment of long illness. I could not move my left arm, and my left leg was stiff and unyielding, and though I could move my right arm and right leg, there was a sense of pain as though they were hurt and bruised. I was able to speak, and coughed to attract the notice of whoever was near. I felt as if some one was stitching beside me. A well-shaped hand drew back the bed curtain, and I saw Miss Mills. She was sitting before her tambour frame, on which she was working a pattern in Berlin wool.

"Miss Mills," I said in a tone of surprise on seeing her in my room.

"Yes, indeed, and thank God you know me. Oh! how delighted they will be when I tell them," and she started up as if to go away.

"Stay," I said; "tell me why am I here, and in this state."

"Oh! you must not talk just yet. You will

know all in time, but you have been the preserver of this family, and we are all grateful."

She then left the room, and soon returned with Lady Glanville. Her ladyship took my thin wasted right hand, which lay helplessly by my side, and pressing it to her lips, cried, "Thank God, you are restored to consciousness. I must run and fetch the doctor."

Again I asked Miss Mills what all this meant? and she said, when the doctor saw me she would speak, but not to ask her until then. I tried to think what could have happened, but my mind was unable to assist me. I was forced to lie still, watching the shadows on the wall, listening to the twittering of birds outside my window, the ticking of the clock, or the occasional tread of the servants as they moved through the passages and corridors.

Lady Glanville came back in about half an hour, accompanied by a thick-set man, with one of the finest heads I ever saw. He was very bald, and the intellectual organs were strongly defined. His features were pleasing, and his voice low and

sweet. He was Sir Dominick Rock, the celebrated surgeon. He put several questions to me, as if for the purpose of testing my consciousness, and these I answered very readily. He then inquired when I had last seen Lady Glanville? and then the whole affair of the accident came rushing on my mind, and I again grew dizzy, and a faintness came on. The doctor opened the window, and when the soft cool air came into the room, it felt like balm, and revived me. He waited until I regained my recollection. I then told him I remembered the terrible scene, and he informed me that by risking my life I had providentially saved the lives of Lady Glanville, Reginald, and the page; that my horse was killed on the spot, and I had suffered very severely. He did not then tell me that my left arm and leg were broken, and that I had been delirious for weeks. I could not resist thanking Lady Glanville for the care she had taken of me, but she quickly cut me short. "Not a word, dear Terence," she said, calling me, for the first time, by my Christian name. "If it was not for your heroism, I could not have the

opportunity of doing kindness to any one, and when we think that we owe to you also the life of our darling Reginald, surely nothing we can do can sufficiently show our gratitude."

His Excellency had always been most kind to me, but henceforward his attention knew no bounds. The children were brought to my bedside, and during my convalescence they were my constant companions. When I was able to go abroad, I was quite a lion in Melbourne, and people took off their hats and bowed to me with an air of respect, little, if anything, inferior to the respect they paid to the Governor himself.

I have nothing further to record of our doings at Melbourne except the marriage of Miss Mills to Mr. Conyngham, an opulent and much-respected gentleman of the colony, who gave a good proof of his taste by selecting her as his wife. We had a grand ceremony. The Honourable Ada and Theresa Glanville were bridesmaids; Lady Glanville gave the bride her magnificent wedding dress and *déjeuner;* the Governor gave away the blushing bride—I was best man to the bridegroom; and at

the breakfast we had the band of the 99th, all the garrison, and such fun, frolic, and speechification, as was seldom equalled there or elsewhere.

It is not my province to enter into any account of the political affairs of the colony over which Lord Glanville presided, but I may mention, in a general way, that the commercial affairs of Melbourne were extremely well looked after by the Chamber of Commerce, while, in Ballarat and other districts, the agricultural interest was efficiently cared for by agricultural and pastoral societies. At the farmers' clubs, really valuable and thoughtful papers were read and discussed. Theatricals were in high favour. We had a well-supported Theatre Royal in Melbourne, the main front of which faced Bourke-street, where the most eminent English comedians reaped renown, and something more substantial than applause. All kinds of sports received countenance and support from his Excellency. Even rural districts, as Bungaree, nine miles from Ballarat, had their race meetings encouraged. I witnessed a good meeting,

when Daly's hotel was thronged, and I rejoiced to find the lovely music of my native land most joyously rendered on the Irish bagpipes, which, on a wet day, kept "boys" and "girls" in the "hoight of good humour." Regattas, too, on the Lake Windouree, claimed and obtained attention; but the Melbourne regatta was the great scene of nautical competition. The prosperity of the colony occupied the attention of the Governor, and he cordially aided the wise plans of the Ministry. In order to carry out a scheme for the supply of water, a first-rate engineer was secured. The prevention of accidents in mines also engaged attention; and developing the agricultural resources of the colony was his Excellency's chief desire. In this the Irish agitator—who proved one of the best ministers Victoria ever had—most ably assisted. And when, at the expiration of the allotted period, Lord Glanville's governorship closed, complimentary addresses were poured in from all parts of the country.

As they all passed through my hands, I cannot help a brief specimen. Many ran thus:—

"We, the undersigned, being aware that your Excellency is about to depart from our shores, cannot allow you to do so without conveying to you our sense of the very efficient manner in which you have discharged your exalted duties of Governor of Victoria. You have consistently devoted your time and best energies to the duties imposed upon you by our gracious Sovereign, and from our personal experience of your Excellency, we can bear full testimony to the ability, the integrity, and the independence displayed by your Excellency in the performance of your high duties. We must express our regret at the departure of a nobleman who was always zealous, active, and desirous to promote the best interest of the colony. Whatever your future station may be, rest assured your Excellency bears with you our best wishes for the prosperity and happiness of your Excellency, Lady Glanville, and family."

In replying to these addresses, his Excellency adverted to the happy days he had passed in Victoria, and the pleasure it afforded him to reflect he had been instrumental in promoting works of

progress and civilization. He alluded to the resemblance between the gold fields of Victoria and the mines of Cornwall—the great coal districts of England and the iron mines of Sweden, which were a continual source of employment and industrial wealth.

After a great concourse at our farewell levee, we sailed from Melbourne; and it was with justifiable pride Lord Glanville received the Order of the Bath, as recognition by Her Majesty of the efficient way in which he had discharged his duties as Governor of Victoria.

CHAPTER X.

RETURN TO IRELAND—CHANGES DURING ABSENCE—A ROYAL VISIT.

ONCE more I stood on my native sod; once more the shelter of the Bilton Hotel was mine. About six years had passed during my residence in Melbourne, and what changes had taken place in Ireland since I left! Once more an abortive attempt had been made at insurrection, and the Phœnician revolt had come and gone in a night. The night of Shrove Tuesday had witnessed the effort to overthrow the Government of Ireland, and a dozen or two of policemen had scattered the rebel army. Yet the conspiracy was wide-spread and deep-rooted, and gave work to the lawyers and informers, and the usual sad results followed. The county gaols were crowded, while the courts were incessantly occupied in the trials of men accused of complicity with Phœnicians.

The kingdom was agitated from end to end. In some districts, Killarney, Cork, Kilmallock, and the county Tipperary, there was actually civil war; but the military were very strong, and the commander of the forces, Lord Montrose, was determined to stamp out the rebellion if he had the chance. It is due to the insurgents to state that no outrages on life or property, no insults to women, no acts of larceny, stained their hands.

When the country again was peaceful, the wishes of the Irish, frequently expressed, that they should be more frequently visited by members of the Royal family, were carried into effect. I was informed that the Prince and Princess of Cambria would be invited to become the guests of the Duke of Baronscourt, who was then Viceroy. Seldom was the Irish Court entrusted to a more estimable nobleman than the Duke—and his Duchess and four lovely unmarried daughters added, by their amiable dispositions, to the attractions of wealth and rank. It was, therefore, deemed opportune to show that our Royal family felt that the country ought to be visited, and

shortly after my return from Victoria, when I heard, at the inaugural banquet of the Lord Mayor, that his Royal Highness the Prince of Cambria was to be present at the ensuing Punchestown races, I shared the pleasure such an announcement afforded the citizens generally. Our pleasure was enhanced when it was officially announced that her Royal Highness the Princess of Cambria, (over whose long sufferings from ill-health we all mourned,) was to accompany the Prince. The country determined to receive the Royal pair with many demonstrations of loyalty and respect.

As the day approached for the arrival, new life seemed infused into the capital. Never were painters and window cleaners in such request. The lines of streets along which the procession was expected to move, assumed quite a holiday aspect; and banners of every conceivable hue and texture, from antimacassar sofa covers to the Union Jack, wooed the breeze. The weather-glass was anxiously consulted, and, when the hand indicated "set fair," crowds thronged the city, gathered not

merely from the districts immediately around Dublin, but radiating from the Giant's Causeway to Cape Clear, from Connemara to the Hill of Howth. The hotels, not only in the city but the environs, were crowded; apartments were engaged for weeks, and cabmen reckoned on a harvest from fares.

The preparations were all far advanced; the Royal stand at Punchestown, the decorations for the Mansion House and National balls, and the transformation of St. Patrick's Cathedral, for the installation of his Royal Highness as a knight of the illustrious order of the Shamrock, had all tested the skill, and, what is often more difficult to attain, the punctuality of tradesmen. Early on the morning of their coming, the crowds gathered into Kingstown to watch for the arrival of the illustrious guests. About seven o'clock the Victoria and Albert yacht, accompanied by some of the ironclad leviathans of modern naval architecture, entered the magnificent bay of Dublin, passed the heads of Arklow and Bray, with the bold promontory of Howth on the larboard, and, leaving

the giants of the deep, the Minotaur and Warrior, to anchor in the deep waters, about nine o'clock the lighter yacht, amidst the thunders of cannon, and the glad shouts of thousands who thronged the piers and quays, sought the shelter of the harbour. There was no landing, however, before noon, when the Lord Lieutenant, with his gentle and beloved wife, accompanied by a numerous party of civil and military officials, prepared to receive their Royal Highnesses on shore. The scene was extremely animated. The usually empty harbour was crowded with a variety of craft, from the Royal George flag ship, the Victoria and Albert yacht, the Pigeon, the Enchantress, and other steamers, to the tiny punt, all displaying an amount of decoration in the way of flags and streamers that was quite bewildering. Along the east and west piers, on the Victoria quay, and the Carlisle jetty, crowds of elegantly dressed ladies mingled with the homelier clad denizens of Kingstown and Dublin. The royal yacht was brought alongside the place prepared for the landing, which was very tastily arranged, and a gangway, covered

with scarlet cloth, was made the connecting link between the shore and deck. When the Prince and Princess appeared, a cheer arose such as Irish throats could alone give. The royal pair must be very insensible to emotion if they were not impressed with the heartiness of their welcome to Irish ground. The Prince looked remarkably well, and wore, conspicuously, the colour dear to Irish hearts—emerald green.

Around the well-set neck of the Prince was a scarf of verdant satin, while a rose, set in a bunch of shamrock, adorned the breast of his blue frock coat. The graceful and youthful-looking Princess won the unaffected homage of the Irish heart by her pleasant expression of countenance. She was dressed in mauve tabinet, her white bonnet trimmed with Irish lace and shamrocks, her veil bearing the pattern of the same national production. A bunch of shamrocks also found rest on her bosom. While they came on shore the band played the national anthem, the fleet thundered forth their salute, troops presented arms, and cheers—loud and continuous—tried the powers of lungs.

The Prince of Cambria leading the Duchess of Baronscourt, the Lord Lieutenant the Princess, followed by the Duke of Oxford and Prince of Deck, proceeded to their carriages, and the cortège drove along the picturesque road by the sea, to Dublin. At the city bounds they were met by the Lord Mayor and many leading citizens. At Bagot Street bridge vast crowds hailed their arrival, and thence to the Castle, they passed through streets and squares, every window filled with eager faces, every hand waving its welcome, every inch of ground covered with Hibernians, resolved to see how the daughter of the sea-king looked on Irish ground.

And all were satisfied. From those lustrous eyes, the kindly looks cast upon her were reflected back; and, as the royal procession wheeled from Grafton Street into College Green, where the noble proportions of the old Irish Parliament House, now, *quantum mutatus*, the Bank of Ireland, with the Elizabethan College of the Holy Trinity, and the unrivalled line of College Green and Dame Street, gaudy with banners, and flags stretching

at short intervals across the street, forming a succession of triumphal arches, met her gaze, I am assured her eyes filled, and she felt deeply the beauty of her welcome to the capital of Erin. Some of the banners bore appropriate mottoes, "Welcome," "God bless the Prince and Princess," while one in Sackville Street had the well-known lines, which were most happily applied under the circumstances of the present visit—

> "And blest for ever is she who relied
> On Erin's honour and Erin's pride."

When the royal cortège, amidst the cheers of the numerous citizens congregated in front of the Royal Exchange, drove up Cork Hill, and reached Dublin Castle, the Prince and Princess alighted, and were conducted to the state apartments, where the corporation presented their address.

In reply the Prince said—"My Lord Mayor, aldermen, and burgesses of the city of Dublin, it is with the greatest satisfaction that I have received your address of welcome to your ancient and loyal city. The reception which the Princess

and myself have this day experienced calls forth our warmest and most heartfelt acknowledgments. It has been my most anxious desire since I last visited Ireland to return to it accompanied by the Princess, and I regard her presence this day equally with yourselves a happy omen for the country, although I have never for a moment doubted your constant and undiminished attachment to the Throne of her most gracious Majesty the Queen. It will be a great source of pleasure to me to be present at the inauguration of the statue of one of Ireland's most distinguished statesmen, and to be enrolled and installed a knight of the illustrious order of the Shamrock. In the name of the Princess and myself, I return you, once more, our hearty thanks."

The following day the Prince and Princess, with their noble hosts, and about twenty thousand of Her Majesty's Irish subjects, witnessed the races at Punchestown. This may be termed the Epsom of Dublin, and resembles that famed sporting locality in many respects. Having already described it, I must not here be guilty of repetition.

A very tastily fitted-up stand was prepared for the royal party, and when the people beheld her Royal Highness ascending the steps leading to the stand with some difficulty, owing to her knee not having as yet quite recovered its freedom, they felt how she had claims upon their sympathy, and there never was greater cheering.

The running, as usual at these races, was excellent, all the events on the card being well-contested. The Drogheda stakes were won by Mr. Knox's Lysander, Mr. Doyle's Irish Fusilier second, and Mr. Cox's Kinsman third. The military sweepstake was pulled off by Colonel Ainslie's Juryman, with Black Prince second. The great race was the Kildare Hunt Plate, won by Caustic, beating Goldfinder, the favourite, and several others. The Prince of Cambria's Plate was carried off by Captain Pigott's Excelsior, and the Hunt Cup was won by the Cardinal.

Apropos of the Cardinal, on the return of the race-goers, a large and festive throng assembled round the plenteous board of our munificent Viceroy. Among them was one whose mild

benignant face had never before brightened these lordly chambers—his scarlet robe never rustled in Viceregal halls. Yet here he was—an honoured, nay, a most welcome guest. This mild face was that of his Eminence Cardinal Pole, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin. And this is as it should be. It shows we are fast reaching the happy days of equality for all, ascendancy for none. It is said that his Eminence had the honour of making the acquaintance of the Prince of Cambria when his Royal Highness visited Rome.

Next day the Prince again went to Punchestown, and, accompanied by several noblemen and gentlemen, members of the Kildare hunt, he rode about the course to witness the racing.

There were five events announced on the card, some of them very well contested. A large field—twenty-five horses—started for the Farmers' Race, and during the running a bad accident happened. At the second fence Mr. Thomas FitzPatrick fell, and had his shoulder dislocated, besides other injuries; and, singularly enough, his brother Joseph came to grief in the same race—won by Mr. Exshaw's

Celt. The great event of the day was the race for the Conyngham Cup, for which thirteen steeplechase horses competed, ridden by gentlemen. The high character of the horses and the skill of the gentlemen jocks, among the sporting celebrities of the Emerald Isle, made this race looked forward to with unusual interest. Mr. Harper's Olympia, Mr. MacDonogh's Cheerful Boy, Mr. Moffat's Polestar, and Mr. Doyle's Royal Irish Fusilier, were the favourites. The fences taken in the race were numerous, and sufficiently formidable, and the pace was uncommonly severe. After a desperate struggle between Olympia and Polestar, the mare won by a length, closely followed by Cheerful Boy.

A *déjeuner* on a grand scale was given by the officers of the 12th Lancers, and amid great cheering the Prince returned to Dublin.

CHAPTER XI.

THE INSTALLATION OF THE PRINCE AS A KNIGHT OF THE SHAMROCK.

INSTALLATION day was, in the words of O'Connell, "a great day for Ireland." It witnessed the installation of the Prince of Cambria as knight of the illustrous order of the Shamrock. This order was instituted as a mark of special good will and friendship to Ireland by King George III., in February, 1783, and the letters-patent for the order provided there should be a Sovereign, a grand-master, fifteen knights, and six officers. In July, 1821, King George IV. added six to the number of the knights, and, having a taste for tailoring, made some alteration in their robes. In lieu of helmet and barred vizor, he ordained the knights to wear "round hats of black velvet, the front of which shall be turned back, and the star of the order shall be affixed thereon; and the said

hats shall be surmounted with three falls of ostrich feathers, which shall be red, white, and blue." The robes were "a flowing mantle of sky-blue satin, lined with white silk; on the left shoulder a hood of the same, the mantle tied with strings of blue silk and gold. The doublet and trunk hose, *à la Henri Quatre*, of white satin, trimmed with silver plate lace and Vandyke fringe. The feet to be encased in white kid boots, turned up with sky-blue, a bow of crimson ribbon at the instep, and gilt spurs."

King William IV. permanently increased the number of knights to twenty-two, and presented the order with a large star composed of fine brilliants, having an emerald shamrock on a ruby cross in the centre, and the motto of the order, "*Quis separabit*," in diamonds, on a blue enamelled ground. Also a large oval badge similarly adorned with jewels, and a gold badge set with emeralds and rubies. These are usually worn by the Grand Master.

There was great anxiety lest the day fixed for the installation should prove unfavourable for the

magnificent ceremonial, but the weather was all that could be desired.

The meridian sun blazed down upon brilliant uniforms, and was reflected from polished steel as the rays fell upon helmets and corslets, glittered from swords and spears, and called into light knightly banners and armorial blazonry. From an early hour all the streets leading from Dublin Castle to the Cathedral of St. Patrick's were crowded with persons anxious to secure places, and long before the doors were opened the venerable church was begirt by a fashionably dressed multitude, waiting for admission to the places assigned to them. The space around was lined with troops ; Hussars and Horse Artillery, aided by the efficient Metropolitan police, kept the ground clear, and along the line of ancient houses, amidst which the Cathedral stands, myriads of spectators were packed from garret to cellar.

Three o'clock pealed from the great Post-office clock, and was echoed and re-echoed by the other time monitors of Dublin, before the brilliant cortège of ten state carriages reached the west porch,

and amid the cheering of the multitude and the familiar strains of "God Save the Queen," the knight elect and his charming Princess entered the sacred edifice.

The interior of the Cathedral was a wonderful sight. On the tall columns, rainbows of varied hues were reflected from the

> Storied windows richly dight,
> Casting a dim religious light—

and the vista running the full length of the spacious building, from the western portal to the Lady Chapel, was of a nature similar to that which the Israelite beheld in dreams.

The sight was at first so dazzled by the gorgeous spectacle as to require time to take in and realize the details. Following the course of the nave to the intersection of the transept, resting on the springing arches of the choir, then looking through the great arch of the chancel into the Lady Chapel, it was impossible not to feel the wonderful power of the beautiful architecture. The early Christian architects have left us exquisite creations of stone, and this, built by John de Comyn in 1190,

stands a noble specimen of ancient taste in design and skill in execution. Proud must the patriotic prince merchant, Guinness, have felt at having preserved for future generations this grand old Minster, which, but for his timely aid, was fast tottering to its fall. In the triforium surpliced choristers sat as if in mid air between heaven and earth, and robed in white they looked like statues in niches, while the rich stained glass of the east lancet-headed windows gave a subdued light to the body of the church. Wanderers to distant lands declared that neither in Rouen or Rheims, Cologne or Cordova, Bruges or Brussels, could a church of greater beauty or more graceful architecture be found. There may, indeed, be many of vaster size and larger proportions, but nothing could exceed the simple grandeur and exquisite proportions of the ancient Cathedral of St. Patrick.

The decorations for the installation, which had of necessity produced alterations in the interior of the sacred edifice, were in excellent taste. From an early hour the fortunate holders of admission tickets came trooping in, and while the ladies were

chiefly dressed in white, blue, or national green, the habiliments of the sterner sex were more varied. High officials in embroidered uniforms, judges in scarlet and ermine, warriors on whose breasts gleamed the records of many a well fought field, municipal functionaries in velvet and crimson, appeared like gaudy flowers along the benches rising from floor to roof.

Close to the pillars of the transept stood a raised dais, on which the Princess of Cambria sat throned in queenly state, accompanied by her noble hostess. The Princess was attired in blue, while the Duchess was dressed in white; thus conjointly displaying the colours of the order. Behind them was the Marchioness of Cragmarthen in emerald green, and thus represented the national colour of Ireland. On the arrival of the Prince, and the Grand Master, his Excellency the Duke of Baronscourt, they were received by the knights and the officers of the order.

The officers in attendance were very efficient, and the Dean read Her Majesty's precept, that the installation be held. The procession took place,

and knights, esquires, and pages, having been duly robed and placed, his Royal Highness received the insignia of the order. The Grand Master having duly knighted the Prince, his Royal Highness's senior esquire—the Admirable Crichton—then unfurled the Prince's banner, when the trumpets pealed forth, and Sir Bernard Burke, Ulster King of Arms, proclaimed the style of the knight.

This over, the Prince handed to his esquire the offering for the registrar, and his banner being also handed to the registrar, was deposited within the communion rails. The grand music of Haydn's Creation was then heard pealing through the Cathedral aisles, and the clamour of trumpets and the harmony of voices went thrilling to every breast. When silence was again felt, as the last echo of the music faded away, Ulster rose, and having bowed thrice to the Grand Master, waved his sceptre. This was the signal for leaving, and the procession then formed anew, and in due order of verger, registrar, seneschal, canons, prebendaries, dean, pursuivants, mace-bearers, the viceroyal household, esquires and heralds, went slowly

through the great aisle. As they passed the dais on which the Princess sat, each knight made a lowly reverence. The royal suite followed, and the Prince also made his obeisance to the beautiful Princess, which was affectionately responded to. The Grand Master closed the procession, and the knights retired to unrobe. The Grand Seneschal, the Earl of Wexford, then conducted her Royal Highness and the Duchess of Baronscourt along the nave, amid the homage of the assembled throng, the choir giving forth Handel's Hallelujah chorus, as the choir of St. Patrick's could give it, which brought the installation to a close. The rich robes of the knights, their pendant banners, helmets and swords, recalled the ancient days of chivalry, and then the assemblage of youth, beauty, and grace congregated within the Cathedral made the scene realize a poet's dream.

A grand installation banquet was given on the evening by the Lord Lieutenant as Grand Master of the order. It was a very brilliant affair. Her Royal Highness appeared in a train of green satin, with bouquets of shamrocks; the Prince wore the

badge and ribbon of the order. The first toast proposed was the health of the Queen, which was received with applause. His Excellency then proposed the health of his Royal Highness, the new knight. He said: "I have now to ask you to join with me in doing full justice to the toast which it is my privilege and honour to propose—a toast, I may say, the most important and interesting that has been proposed in our generation in this hall, dedicated as it is to the stately ceremonies of the knightly order of which so many distinguished representatives are here to-day. I mean the health of our illustrious guest and chief knight, who has honoured us with his presence this evening, the Prince of Cambria (applause). My lords and gentlemen, I need not tell you that the presence of that illustrious prince here is of no ordinary significance and import. Still less need I offer welcome to our illustrious guest on behalf of Ireland. That welcome has already been fully and unreservedly given by the Irish people themselves. The shouts of acclamation that for four successive days have rung in our ears—the

thunders of applause and congratulations that have greeted the illustrious heir of these kingdoms in the streets to-day, will have shown him better than any words of mine the kindly nature of the Irish people, and the attachment that may be awakened in their generous and cordial hearts (renewed applause). They know and believe that in assuming the mantle and collar of the patron saint of Ireland, our illustrious guest has inaugurated no empty pageant, but rather *the promise of an era of increased and mutual attachment and confidence between the people of this country and his illustrious house* (applause)—a hope enhanced, if I may be permitted to say so in his presence, by the cordial bearing and great and universal personal popularity of his Royal Highness (hear, hear). But, my lords and gentlemen, I should say that the days of chivalry were indeed gone by were it possible, in an assemblage of knights on this occasion, not to proffer also our heartfelt thanks and homage to the illustrious and noble lady, the consort of our royal guest, on this the first occasion of her visit to Irish shores (loud

applause). There is no man worthy of the name of Irishman, whether he be the coroneted peer, the installed knight, or the hardy and stalwart son of the soil, who has not felt the fair presence of that illustrious lady as a ray of sunbeam gilding the Irish horizon (loud applause). I ask you, then, my lords and gentlemen, to join with me in drinking the health, long life, and every happiness to our illustrious guest and knight, and to the royal and lovely lady who bears his name and shares his honours. I give you the health of 'The Prince and Princess of Cambria.'"

The toast was drunk amid great applause.

Airs—God Save the Queen, and Patrick's Day.

His Royal Highness the Prince, on rising, was received with applause. He said—"Your Excellency, your Royal Highnesses, my lords, ladies and gentlemen—In the name of the Princess and myself I beg to tender my warmest thanks for the very kind and flattering manner in which this toast has been proposed, and the cordiality with which it has been received by the company present here this evening. Under any circumstances I should

feel it a great honour to have my health proposed by his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, but to-night the circumstances under which it has been proposed are peculiar, for I appear here as a Knight of the illustrious Order of the Shamrock (applause). I can assure you that I feel very proud to wear this evening for the first time the star and ribbon of this illustrious order (applause), and I am very grateful to her Majesty the Queen for having given it to me (applause). On former occasions the orders I have received, the orders of Great Britain, were from her Majesty's own hands, and although I cannot but regret that on this occasion she has not been able to give this order to me herself, still it was the Queen's wish that I should receive it on Irish soil from the hands of her representative the Lord Lieutenant (applause). This order was first founded, now more than eighty years ago, by my great-grandfather King George the Third, and was instituted by him as a mark of his goodwill and friendship towards this country; and it is my hope that, as his great-grandson, having to-day received it on Irish soil, I

may also be instrumental in evincing in this country, in the name of my Sovereign and my mother, her goodwill and friendship towards Ireland (loud applause). I feel also proud that I have been not only invested with the insignia of this order, but installed in the magnificent Cathedral of St. Patrick, for the restoration of which we are indebted to the great munificence of a private gentleman of Ireland, whose name is so well known that I need not mention it, more particularly as I have the pleasure of seeing him at the table (applause). My lords and gentlemen, I feel very glad to have this opportunity of stating to you, on behalf of the Princess and myself, how deeply gratified we are by the reception which has been accorded to us in this country, not only as the Lord Lieutenant has observed, from the higher classes, but from the sons of the soil as well (applause). After the sad times of this past year it might perhaps have been thought by some that our reception would not have been all that could have been wished ; I myself felt confident that it would (applause), and my hopes have been in-

deed realized (applause). I beg, therefore, to offer not only to those present, who participate more immediately in our reception, but to the whole Irish people, our thanks for the cordial, hearty, and friendly welcome which we have received. I will not weary you with any more words, but thank you once more for the honour done us by so heartily drinking our healths." His Royal Highness resumed his seat amidst loud applause.

He delivered his speech with very considerable elocutionary ability, and seemed to give expression to the real feelings of his heart. When a short interval had elapsed, his Excellency conducted the Princess from the hall to the drawing-room, the band playing the National Anthem. A large party assembled for the evening, and thus closed the memorable Installation Day.

CHAPTER XII.

THE REVIEW IN THE PARK—BURKE'S STATUE—VISIT TO LORD POWERSCOURT'S.

NEXT day but one was fixed for the grand review in the Phœnix Park, and from an early hour, heavy and continuous rain threatened to throw cold water on the proceedings; but towards noon, signs of relenting appeared skyward, clouds grew lighter, and many a fair bosom felt buoyant in consequence. The new bonnet was tried on, and lo! a gleam of sunshine appeared through the gloom. Thence all was bright, and the stream of reviewers began to flow parkward. The ground commonly called the *Fifteen* Acres, but in reality fully *five hundred*, was marked off, and surrounded by a dense multitude. Then came in all the panoply of glorious war, Lancers and Hussars, Cavalry and Infantry, the latter comprising six regiments, and a numerous train of

Artillery. Lord Montrose, eminent for his services during the Crimean war and Indian mutiny, then commanding the forces in Ireland, with Field-Marshal the Duke of Oxford, Commander-in-chief, accompanied the Prince of Cambria, and was followed by a brilliant staff. The Princess drove in her carriage, and as she passed along, the cheers which greeted her assured her how delighted the people were at her presence. A sham battle displayed the military precision of the troops. Hollow squares resisted the attacking cavalry, and the batteries plied vigorously upon the imaginary foe. The quick discharges of firearms showed the change which has taken place in that arm of the service, and for a couple of hours, four thousand men marched and countermarched, charged and charged again, advanced and retreated, until the royal party left for the hospitalities of the Chief Secretary's lodge. Here in this commodious mansion, a déjeuner was provided for the distinguished visitors, and several high personages besides myself were invited to meet them. The Princess showed her simple taste

by leaving the heated and thronged rooms, preferring the cool fresh air of the lawn, where reposing on a sofa, she beheld the beautiful prospect of the neighbouring uplands, and

> Threw upon the mountains high,
> The quiet of a loving eye.

The programme for the following day included the conferring the degree of LL.D. upon the Prince of Cambria, the Duke of Oxford, and the Lord Lieutenant — unveiling the beautiful statue of my dear mother's kinsman Edmund Burke, by Foley, and visits to the Royal Irish Academy, and the Catholic University in Stephen's Green. These events took place in the course prescribed. Too long had Ireland's capital been devoid of national monuments to her illustrious sons, and while the column to Nelson attracted attention in Sackville Street, and the equestrian statue of William III. recalled the struggles of race against race and creed against creed, you might look in vain for any effigy of those intellectual chiefs who deserved well of Ireland. True, within the hall of the Royal Exchange, and the City Hall, are some

noble memorials, Grattan and Lucas, King George III., Drummond, the Secretary of State, who gave currency to—if he did not originate—the truism, "property has its duties as well as its rights," are here, in the grace and beauty of finely executed sculpture; and lately, in addition the muscular form of Ireland's mighty tribune, O'Connell. The statue of Moore, which in hue is undoubtedly the prototype of a Blackamoor, is a disgrace to the city. Truly did the satirist exclaim—

> "O could the bard indignant wake,
> One heavy blow he'd give,
> His statue's half-hanged neck to break,
> And let his memory live."

Goldsmith looks from his pedestal in front of Trinity College, along the area of College Green, too often resembling "a deserted village" deprived of millions of

> "The bold peasantry, a county's pride,
> That once destroyed can never be supplied."

And the pedestal erected to bear the companion statue of Goldsmith's countryman and friend, the great Edmund Burke, was seen crowned by a

muffled figure designed to represent the form of the mighty senator.

When the degrees had been conferred upon their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Cambria and the Duke of Oxford, as also upon the Queen's worthy representative, the new LL.D.'s signed the record of this accession to their learned titles in the College-book, and took their seats in their academic gowns. The Vice Chancellor then declared the *Comitia* dissolved, and having resigned his place on the dais to the Lord Lieutenant, the ceremony of inaugurating Burke's statue began. The Vice Chancellor, Sir Joseph Pleader, in his usual earnest and impressive tones, which possess great pathos and emotional feeling, alluded to the honorary degree just conferred upon the Prince of Cambria. He lamented "they could confer no special honour upon the Princess of Cambria, but at all events they could offer her the homage and chivalrous devotion of Irish hearts (loud applause). They were paying a tardy tribute to a great Irishman, the illustrious Edmund Burke, but though the debt was paid late, it was paid now with interest upon interest,

for they had royalty, rank, beauty, religion, science, valour, and justice, all joined in one common act of national homage to the strength of transcendant genius (applause). In front of that University where Burke received his education, the University to which in later days he turned with affection, in the heart of his native city, his statue would stand as a witness and mark to teach them all what true ascendancy was, the ascendancy of enlightened wisdom, of genius, education, of unselfish devotion to all that was good and great. It would also testify to an act of duty performed, he would hope in the spirit that animated Burke—the spirit that sought the honour, the peace, and prosperity of his native land" (loud applause). Whitefield—the Demosthenic Whitefield, renowned for oratory at the bar and in the senate, Lord Chief Justice of Ireland, then delivered the inaugural address. I only remember a few passages, but the speech was worthy the man, the subject, and the occasion. He alluded to the Queen and Prince having been among the highest subscribers to the statue fund, and to the presence of

the Prince to do honour to the memory of a great Irishman. He said, "The occasion is auspicious. It is also national, for we are met to render homage to our countryman, who was a statesman, a philosopher, and a patriot. We have been reproached as having been slow to acknowledge the merits of our great men; we have accepted, it has been said, the intellectual gifts lavished upon us by the orator, the poet, the man of genius, but we have not practically or sufficiently exhibited and proved our gratitude. It is by the race of men it produces that a country is known and distinguished, and the question will be asked, Does that country possess within itself men of intellect—men who give life to a country by their actions and their fame—men whose capacity may be felt afar off, as well as upon the Government of their native land. Swift, and Goldsmith, Wellington, Berkeley, and Burke were amongst our representative men." Having referred with great ability to Burke's connexion with the University, and the College Historical Society, and sketched his career as author and politician, the Chief Justice

thus concluded his magnificent address. "We are familiar with his impassioned exclamation, 'the age of chivalry is gone.' The events of the last few days would seem to refute this prophecy. The age of true chivalry may, it is hoped, be restored. The banner of the Knights of the Shamrock will float over the battlements of many a castle again to be inhabited in Ireland. That banner will be emblematic of chivalry, loyalty, generosity, hospitality, and courtesy; and all these knightly virtues will be rewarded by bright eyes and tender hearts and loving natures (great applause). My original question was, why do we now erect a statue to the memory of Edmund Burke? Because, first, he attested the value of the education given within these walls—because his fame has ripened into great renown—because he has left us lessons of wisdom and philosophy which will never fail—because he was a patriot and loved his country—because he upheld in revolutionary times an ancient and a famous monarchy, a nobility hereditary and splendid, a democracy vigorous and intelligent, each in

harmony with the other, and all in sympathy with the principles of order, liberty, and justice. Therefore I say to the youth of this university—profit by his wisdom—follow his example—imbibe his principles—grasp his knowledge—study his eloquence, never separated from his philosophy, as you would apply your minds to the immortal works of Tully or of Plato, and gaze upon his statue for your inspiration. Thus it was in ancient Rome. The images of their great dead men inflamed the patriotism, and fired the ambition of the living youth of the Commonwealth to walk in the steps, and to equal the actions—if they could not excel them—of their forefathers, and to renew their glories." (Loud applause.) The Very Rev. Dr. Floyd, the Provost, returned thanks for being entrusted with the custody of the statue. A procession was then formed, and at the command of the Prince, Foley's beautiful statue of Burke was unveiled.

Visits to the unrivalled collection of Celtic Antiquities preserved in the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy, and to the Catholic University

in Stephen's Green, succeeded. Here his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop, with a great number of the most distinguished Roman Catholics of Ireland, received his Royal Highness, and many presentations took place, among them Professor Robertson, whose admirable lectures on the "Life and Writings of Edmund Burke," form a valuable addition to our biographical literature; also Denis Florence MacCarthy, whose poetical crown enwreaths the Shamrock of Erin with the Olive of Spain.

The proximity of Powerscourt, the finely situated demesne of the peer who thence takes his ancestral title, was to be honoured with a royal visit.

Arrangements for proceeding by rail to Bray having been effected, the visitors left the Castle in a carriage and four. The route was intended to be through York Street and Stephen's Green to Westland Row, but however, owing to a recent fire, the way was stopped, and the carriage was compelled to proceed along a route which certainly never expected to be graced by the pre-

sence of the heir to the crown. This classic locality is not inaptly termed *Fade* Street, and realized the words of Moore—

> "All that's bright must fade,
> The brightest still the fleetest,
> All that's sweet was made
> But to be lost when sweetest."

The windows here were draped, not in costly banners, but alas!

> "With tattered garments hung out to dry,
> And each abode is, snug and commodious
> With the pigs melodious, in the straw-thatched sty."

The inhabitants, though evidently taken by surprise, were not deficient in politeness, and three cheers, given from the heart, for Prince and Princess, showed their appreciation of the royal presence.

Having emerged from Fade Street, they proceeded until the carriage reached Westland Row, and the royal visitors were conducted by the railway directors to the carriages prepared for them. As they went in succession by the stations of Booterstown, Blackrock, Seapoint, Salthill,

Kingstown, and Dalkey, crowds assembled to get a peep at the visitors, and, amidst vociferous cheering, they passed swiftly on. Emerging from Dalkey tunnel, a superb sea view lay before them. This is Killiney bay, formed by the bold headlands of Dalkey to the west, with its little island, on which the ruins of an antique chapel attest the spread of devotion of early days. The black bluff ridge of Bray head was to the south-east. Away to the right, stretching from the base of Killiney Hill, the lonely vale of Shanganagh, with crowds of villas and mansions, begirt with lawn and sheltered by belts of trees, while far, far upon the west, the billowy sea came rolling its foaming waves, until with a hoarse and thunderous sound, they broke upon the strand.

At Bray, the Brighton of Ireland, most elaborate preparations had been made to give the nation's guests a cordial greeting, and a guard of honour, formed of the royal Irish constabulary, was drawn up. A platform was erected on which the local nobility and large-acred squires found place. Lord and Lady Powerscourt, Earl and Countess

of Meath, Lord and Lady Brabazon, Mr. and Mrs. Putland among them. Arches spanned the station, inscribed "A joyful welcome to Wicklow." "Welcome, Ireland's Hope;" another near the Queensborough Road bore "Welcome to our native hills," and "Peace and Prosperity." The extensive hotels close to the railway station, Breslin's Marine, and the International, with Haye's hotel in the town, and all the houses, bore flags, and every window was crowded with anxious faces turned to see the royal cortège.

Lord Kilrudary, having presented an address from the inhabitants of Bray, the party proceeded to visit Lord and Lady Powerscourt. The day proved showery, and many a fragile bonnet, put on for the first time, was faithless to its charge of protecting the head of its confiding wearer, if such was designed in the formation of so diminutive an article of millinery. The road through the Dargle (Glen of the Oaks), was taken, and here the Bray river, swollen to respectable dimensions by the late rains, tumbling far beneath, and the richly wooded hills, looked truly picturesque.

The neighbouring hamlet of Enniskerry was not behind the more ambitious town of Bray, in testifying respect for its lord's illustrious visitors; and flags, banners, and triumphal arches, at once proclaimed the loyalty of the inhabitants, the liberality of the noble proprietor, and the taste of the respected agent of Lord Powerscourt. A vast crowd of the tenantry clustered round the spacious entrance, and here the Irish cheer, sharp and ringing, awoke the echoes of the Wicklow hills. The demesne is beautifully wooded, and, as the carriages swept along, the ancestral trees resembled graceful pillars in the broad nave of a Gothic minster. Having passed the ancient church, with its ruins and adjacent churchyard, the carriages swept into the open glade, where the bulk of Powerscourt House stands revealed. At the principal entrance the noble host and hostess stood to welcome the royal party.

CHAPTER XIII.

OLD AND DEAR FRIENDS—THE DUBLIN MANSION HOUSE BALL.

AMONG the Irish Nobility who came to Dublin for the purpose of testifying their respect for the Royal visitors, were Lord and Lady Glanville. In good time I secured apartments for them at the Bilton, which soon became crowded, and while they remained, I may in truth say I lived with them. I had been so used to walk in and out of their sitting-rooms, *sans cérémonie*, that I seldom inquired if Lord and Lady Glanville were at home? The day of the Royal visit to Powerscourt, I knew that Lady Glanville was immersed in millinery, preparing for the succession of balls for which we had cards, and that Lord Glanville had gone to visit the Chancellor, Sir David Brewster. I thought, therefore, if her Ladyship was disengaged, she would like to hear how our Royal guests were received at Bray and Powerscourt. Accordingly,

as usual, I opened the door of Lady Glanville's drawing-room, and, seeing a lady whom, in the uncertain light of the April evening, I thought was her, commenced, "I have come to tell you of the warm welcome——" when the lady, turning round, presented to my delighted eyes the beloved and well remembered face of Angela de Glanville.

"Oh! Miss de Glanville," I said, taking the hand she held towards me, "this is an unexpected pleasure. When did you come?"

"Only an hour ago. Lady Glanville drove to Blackrock, where we have been residing since poor papa's death, and asked mamma to let me come to town for the balls. So here I am."

"I cannot tell you how glad I am," I said, with all sincerity, She had grown more womanly since we parted, nearly seven years ago, but lost nothing of the sweet, innocent smile which shone on her face like the halo round the head of an angel. Her features, too, wore the same fresh and winning expression which captivated me on our first acquaintance. I felt that if it was ever my fate to win a wife, here I might

safely seek one to make my future happy, if the difference of creed did not interpose a barrier. A rustle of skirts roused me from my meditations, and Lady Glanville came in. "You are here, Terence," she said, with an arch smile; "come, I suppose, to engage Angela for the first set of quadrilles at the Mansion House ball to-night?"

"Exactly; you have just hit it," I responded in the same tone.

"May I have the honour, Miss de Glanville?" I said, turning to that lady.

"Indeed you may, Captain O'Shaughnessy," cried Angela, entering into the spirit of the merriment.

"Call him Terence, Angela. He is now a member of the family," continued her ladyship, in a kindly tone which went to my heart. "You know what a claim he has upon our affection."

"Oh, Lady Glanville," I said, with emotion, "this is too kind."

"I am not insensible of his noble conduct," said Miss de Glanville, with dignity, and those few words filled me with hopes that I might one day make her my wife.

I then recounted to the ladies the events of the morning, adding, "I was happy to say, the Princess did not appear to suffer in the least from all she was going through, and that the Prince seemed to enjoy his reception."

"I am delighted to hear it. She is truly a charming creature," said Lady Glanville.

We dined together, and shortly afterwards went to dress. At ten o'clock, the ladies, resplendent in satin, lace, and jewels, met us in the drawing-room. I led Lady Glanville to the carriage, while Lord Glanville took his cousin's arm, and we followed them into the carriage to drive to the Mansion House ball. The Mansion House, situate in Dawson Street, Dublin, was magnificently fitted up for the occasion. The entrance was found, on former festive occasions, not particularly well adapted for enabling a number of carriages to set down their contents at the same time, and thus ladies in full dress were kept in the night-air, to the imminent risk of their lives. To remedy this, a handsome pavilion was erected over the open space in front of the Mansion

House, whereby several carriages were enabled to discharge their fair freights, and avoid delay. Having handed the ladies out, Lord Glanville took his wife, entrusting his cousin to me. The interior decoration was of a most ornate character. The large Oak room was relieved of much of its usual sombre aspect by a profusion of mirrors, lights, and flowers, and the King's Room, as the round apartment built to entertain King George IV. is called, was radiant with joy and beauty. A dais, overhung by a handsome canopy, was surmounted by gas-jets displaying the royal arms, and the Prince of Cambria's plume. The choicest productions of the conservatory were placed on each side of this dais. The walls of the room were covered with crimson cloth, having white lace over it, embroidered in gold, bearing the Prince's plume and other emblems. The light was very effectively managed from the centre, and as there was an immense concourse of the youth, beauty, and fashion of Ireland in general and Dublin in particular, the scene was animated and striking.

The Lord Mayor was very attentive, and the

Lady Mayoress quite enthusiastic in her admiration of the beautiful Princess. I heard that she inquired very kindly of the Prince, "How his mamma was?" There was, as is inevitable at a Mansion House ball, a great mixture of classes. I could not help being amused on hearing a great fat man in the blue coat and gilt buttons of the generation before the last, who was tightly wedged in by a crowd of lovely girls in white flowing skirts of tarletane, and heads crowned with parterres of flowers, call out in despairing tones, "Oh, mille murther, will ye let me out of this?" As the night wore on, some of the gas jets of the Royal Arms having gone out, transformed the Lion into somewhat more like the quiet animal supplying milk, which led a young lady, not versed in the science of natural history portrayed in gas, to mistake the monarch of wild beasts for the filler of the pail. When a smart young Cornet led off the fair girl from the maternal wing, I heard the anxious chaperon inquire, "Where will I find you, Anna Maria, after your dance with the Captain?"

"You'll find me," replied Anna Maria, "just over there, *under the cow*."

The ball was carried on with unflagging spirit. There was an immense assemblage of military present, and nowhere are they more prized than in an Irish ball-room. A well-known writer has said :—"Would that some minute anatomist of human feeling could demonstrate that delicate fibre in an Irishwoman's heart that vibrates so expressively to everything in the Army List!" If any person was sceptical on this point, let him just mark the difference in the girls' faces and demeanour, before and after the arrival of the uniforms. The sleepy, drowsy, half torpid face, heavy listless motions, and dejected air, at the entrance of "the officers" vanish as though an enchanter had effected a transformation. The sleepy eyes grow wide awake, the drowsy torpid face lights up with an expression of mirthfulness, the languid listlessness is changed for springy action, and the dejected air is replaced by one of sprightly readiness to dance till daylight doth appear. In vain the black-coated, white-vested

gentry try to make the running. They are snubbed on all sides, distanced without a chance of success. They may be high on the grand jury, great in the hunting field, but they are very small men indeed at a Mansion House ball, before Horse or Foot, or Rifles, or the Royal Artillery.

As I was in uniform, I, of course, belonged to the admired set, and danced to my heart's content. Lady Glanville was very particular about partners at such a ball as this, and with Lord St. Patrick was vis-à-vis to Miss De Glanville and me for the Royal set. Angela had not danced since her father's death, and this thought saddened her at first, but the excitement of all around, the pleasure of seeing those of the highest rank dancing beside her, imparted its natural pleasure to her mind, and she thoroughly entered into the spirit of the scene.

After our quadrille we had a waltz, and then the Lancers. Then young Lord Geraldine asked me to present him to my elegant partner, and she accepted him for the next set, while I danced with

Lady Glanville. I then went on a roving cruise, and found many ladies whom I recognised as old partners at our balls, while I was on Lord Naworth's staff. They all knew of my Melbourne affair, and I was quite flattered by their civil speeches.

When supper-time approached, I got Miss De Glanville's arm in mine, and I tried to enter the supper-room. I might as well have tried the North-west Passage; there, opposite the door, was a well-dressed mob, scuffling and elbowing, struggling and rushing, jostling and pushing, for dear life, as if they were famished. Every moment some elderly gentleman with his gouty toe trodden on, would retire limping, and take rest for a fresh onset, or a damaged dowager, in half swooning state, would fling herself upon a seat, and fan herself into life. Dandies, with corns crushed into pulp, would give in, and young ladies, who, to do them justice, struggled with a fortitude deserving better reward, fell back with a mortified air that proclaimed they were beaten. Of course I had not the least idea of exposing

Miss De Glanville to this ordeal, and we very quietly had a long chat while we watched the waves of life heaving to and fro, as they surged before us. She told me that after Sir Reginald's death it was found their means did not enable them to live at their country-seat, and having a very excellent offer it was let during the minority of her only brother, Sir Hubert, the youngest child, then ten years old. That Lady De Glanville was not in very robust health, and having been recommended sea-air she had taken a pretty place called Sea-point, at Blackrock, where they resided for some months.

"She is quite pleased with Ireland," continued Angela, "and I think we'll take a house in Dublin next winter when the season is too cold for the sea-side."

"I am very glad to hear she likes my country, Miss De Glanville," I said.

"Besides having our relations here," added my charming companion, "there is another cause which I am sure you will be glad to hear, to make us like Ireland."

"Anything that endears Ireland to you or yours will, no doubt, be a source of deep pleasure to me."

A rosy flush mantled her cheek as I spoke, and she whispered, so that no one could overhear the words, "We have all become Catholics."

"Catholics!" I repeated, in joyous surprise, for the only barrier to my immediate and cherished desire to ask her to be my wife was now removed. "Oh! Angela, you do not know how happy this news has made me."

She smiled as she heard me name her so familiarly.

"Tell me," I whispered, as the crowd struggling for admittance into the Elysium of the supper-room seemed to suffer no cessation, "tell me how this came about?"

"Then to begin at the beginning," she replied, "when we lived in Eaton Square, mamma and we girls went regularly to St. Barnabas', where dear Mr. Benedict had the service most beautifully conducted, and in time we thought every other church cold and undevotional. When we came to live at Sea-point, we set out as usual for church on

Sunday, and, as we were strangers, asked the persons we saw thronging towards a very beautiful little church quite near us, if that was Blackrock Church? They said, yes. So we went in, and saw no difference between it and what we had been accustomed to at St. Barnabas'. But when service began, though the music, and the lights, and the white-robed clergyman were all the same, the language was different, for this was Latin. We then knew we were in a Catholic church. I asked mamma if we were to leave? but she said, No, we would only disturb the congregation, and they were so pious, and looked so truly devotional and respectable, she did not wish to incommode them. When service was about half over, they all stood up while some prayers were read, and then a clergyman in a white surplice went into the pulpit and preached. I never heard a finer sermon. It was on the humility of the Mother of God. The effect on my mother was extraordinary. She declared, on our way home, that her whole thoughts of the Virgin were changed by what she heard—that she could only be happy in becoming

a Catholic, and one of us should go with her to the priests' house at once, to get instruction. I tried to dissuade her, thinking that if she read her own prayers, she would forget all about the sermon; but she would not be denied. Finding she was so obstinate, I accompanied her, and we went to the small house in the chapel yard. I knocked, and asked to see one of the clergymen. We were shown into a neat little parlour, and before many minutes a neat little priest, who was not the eloquent preacher, entered. I told him mamma's name, and he bowed, and asked what our pleasure was. Mamma said, 'She had, through mistake, entered the church outside instead of the Protestant church, and had been so struck by the sermon, that she wished to be instructed in the Romish creed.' He replied he would very willingly give her every information in his power, and not to detain you too long, I may say that soon Father Leeson, our little friend, and Father Hagan, the impressive preacher, had mamma, Henrietta, Theresa, and myself, converts. We made our abjuration in the church of Black-

rock; and now I think we may get some supper."

As my lovely companion closed her narrative, the supper-room was sufficiently cleared to afford us a glimpse of the table, and I hailed one of the waiters, who had often attended our dinners at the Castle, a respectable man named Kenny, and take my word for it, we were well supplied. Had I been the Prince, he could not have shown greater attention. He nearly destroyed an old lady's elaborate toilet in his exertions to make room for Miss de Glanville and myself at the table, sweeping half-a-dozen soiled plates over the old girl's silver tabinet, and blandly offering "more champagne, miss," as she looked daggers at the offender. I took advantage of the clamour to place my partner very comfortably, and then Kenny supplied lobster salad, iced creams, fowl, ham, tongue, jelly, and tipsy cake, while every fresh-opened flask of champagne was instantly brought to us. We had a capital supper, and luckily, just as we were satisfied, I saw Lord and Lady Glanville struggling in the ruck behind. I whispered to Kenny to

attend to them as he had to me, and as we slipped out, he took good care my friends slipped in.

"You did that capitally," whispered Lady Glanville.

"Of course," I said; "I have not been to Almack's for nothing."

The grey dawn of the April morning was driving away the gloom over Nelson's pillar as we sought repose in the Bilton.

CHAPTER XIV.

A GOOD BOOK—FAREWELL TO ERIN—KINDLY THANKS.

AT length the Royal visit was drawing to a close, and the visitors were to leave the Duke and Duchess of Baronscourt. I make no doubt their Royal Highnesses were not sorry to have some respite from the fagging work of "doing" their part in the programme. I can safely say if they were not I was, and I believe the Duke's fair daughters also.

The last day was particularly onerous. The National Gallery, the College of Physicians, the Horticultural Show in the Rotundo Gardens, the Mater Misericordiæ Hospital, the Constabulary Depôt, Phœnix Park, and the Adelaide Hospital, had all to be visited and inspected. Addresses were to be presented, and visitors' books inscribed. The usual loyal and certainly gratifying demonstrations took place, while one or two incidents are

worthy of special mention. One, fortunately, has not a very melancholy interest attached to it. While the Princess was passing through the Rotundo Gardens, which were radiant with the crowd of fashionably dressed ladies collected, quite as much to see her Royal Highness as the flowers displayed for show, a young lady, a namesake of mine, lately arrived from Melbourne, presented the Princess with an exquisite bouquet, to which was attached by a blue ribbon, a miniature of the Duke of Eden, then in Australia. How little did we then suppose that intelligence had reached London, that this gallant young sailor's life had been nearly terminated by the bullet of an assassin, in the distant colony.

While passing through the spacious wards of the Mater Misericordiæ Hospital, attended by the Cardinal and Superioress of the Sisters of Mercy, who minister to the sick in this noble hospital, the Prince of Cambria overheard a young lad, one of the patients, inquire eagerly, had the Princess come. The Prince immediately informed her of the boy's inquiry. She at once, with true

womanly kindness, went to the bedside, and kindly gave the invalid ocular proof that, not only had she come, but took a very great interest in seeing how the patients were cared for. No wonder he mistook her for a blessed angel. She presented the Reverend Mother with two handsomely bound copies of "The Queen's Journal," containing her own autograph, "Alexandra, Princess of Cambria," for the use of the patients. I venture to say, *en passant*, after an attentive perusal of this faithful picture of domestic life and love, that a more agreeable book could not be put into the hands of any human being, be they sick or enjoying the blessings of health. A long tour over many parts of Scotland enables me to testify to the great accuracy of description of Highland scenery contained in the pages, and whosoever prevailed on her Majesty to publish this volume has thereby earned the thanks of all those who, like myself, value *a good book*.

Crowds thronged every available spot to witness the departure of the Royal guests, who left the Castle for Westland Row Station in the

evening. They were accompanied by the Lord Lieutenant and several members of his family. Cheers rang out a prolonged farewell, which were cordially acknowledged. The royal saloon carriage was again in waiting, with steam up, engine puffing, and the party having taken their seats, the special train with its princely company rushed forth, and soon the Irish capital was left behind. After about twenty minutes had elapsed Kingston was reached. Hither, as on the day of the arrival, thousands of Erin's sons and daughters flocked, and train after train from Dublin was thronged with passengers, until every nook and cranny from which a peep could be gained, clustered with its row of eager faces. Much doubt existed whether the Royal party would embark from the wharf or the Carlisle Pier, where their yacht was moored. The Prince of Leiningen —in command of the royal yacht—it is said refused to remove the yacht to the Victoria wharf, lest it should receive injury from bumping against the quay wall. After a long delay, waiting for the departing visitors, the welcome whistle of the

guard announced the special train was sighted, and amid protracted cheering, and the National Anthem played by the Guards band, the Prince and Princess passed from the land where rich and poor vied in demonstrating loyalty and affection towards them, to the deck of the steam yacht. A farewell dinner was given on board to the Viceroy, his family, and a number of distinguished visitors. About midnight a brilliant display of fireworks took place, and the guests having returned on shore, the royal yacht, preceded by the fleet, left for Holyhead, leaving many a pleasing recollection of this memorable visit of royalty to Erin's shore.

It was extremely gratifying to us to read the reports of the speeches delivered by their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Cambria and the Duke of Oxford, at the dinner of the Royal Academy in London shortly afterwards. Adverting to his recent visit the Prince said:—"The Princess and myself were most deeply touched and gratified by the reception we met with in Ireland. I feel convinced the people intended to be hearty and

loyal; and it seemed as our visit lengthened, that they showed even more enthusiasm than they did at first. I feel convinced that the Irish people are loyal to the core, no matter what may be said either in this country or any other." (Loud cheers.)

The Duke of Oxford, in responding to the toast, "The Army and Navy," also gracefully alluded to the reception given by the Irish to the royal party. "I may take the opportunity of endorsing what fell from my illustrious relative with reference to a late auspicious visit. I think I know the Irish people. I have been several years in Ireland. They are very fond of the army, and when I was there they were always most kind and hospitable to me. I always thought them a most pleasant people to deal with. They are excitable but pleasant, and I never saw them more agreeably excited, and so pleasing, as they appeared in the very enthusiastic manner in which they received my illustrious relative, and his most charming and affectionate wife. (Loud cheers.) I think it but right as a witness on that occasion to bear my testimony, which I do with the greatest

satisfaction, to the most gratifying fact of the warm-hearted and loyal reception given to a young member of the Royal family by a large and influential portion of the British Empire." (Cheers.)

CHAPTER XV.

CONFIDENTIAL RELATIONS — I AM ACCEPTED — MY INTENDED MOTHER-IN-LAW—MY WEDDING—OUR HONEY-MOON TOUR.

LADY GLANVILLE and Miss De Glanville, escorted by me, paid a friendly visit to the Duchess at the Castle, a few days after the departure of her illustrious guests. We found her looking ill and jaded, and she declared that she and the girls were hardly able to keep their eyes open, they felt so exhausted. We quite sympathized with her, for, although we had nothing to do but share in the festivities which her Grace and her daughters provided with such care, anxiety, and expense, we felt quite done up. I certainly would rather have ridden no end of steeplechases than encounter such a week of continuous dissipation. We were able to congratulate her Grace and the young ladies upon the success of these

series of entertainments, and they said it was very pleasing that everything went off so well, and the dear Princess did not suffer.

I thought, before Lord Glanville left town, it was right he, as the nearest male relation of Angela, should be acquainted with the state of my feelings towards that dear girl, and accordingly I asked for a private interview, which, with a woman's tact, Lady Glanville readily understood.

"I need hardly say, my Lord," I said, "I would not for the world presume upon the more than friendship with which Lady Glanville and you have always treated me, to seek to ally myself with your family if I thought my aspirations would be rejected; but I hope to have your lordship's sanction for seeking Miss De Glanville as my wife."

"My dear Terence," he replied, taking my hand, "you may be sure nothing gives me or my dear wife greater satisfaction. If we did not know you and value you, we would not have allowed the intimacy, which we have not failed to see growing daily more tender, between my dear cousin and

yourself. You know, I suppose, she is now a Catholic?"

"Yes, my Lord, she told me so."

"Then that is a difficulty out of the way," he observed. "I know enough of wedded life to discourage mixed marriages. There will arise, at times, even in the most loving hearts, causes of dissension which would pass speedily away, if not embittered by the unpleasant feeling of religious differences."

"Ought I not to call on Lady De Glanville?" I asked.

"Have you spoken to Angela yet upon this subject?" he inquired of me.

"No; I thought it more respectful to address myself to you in the first instance."

He laughed: "I suppose you feel pretty sure of your ground, Master Terence. Indeed from what I have seen I make no doubt you are. Angela is a nice girl as well as a good one, and I am sure will be a good wife. I am taking her back to her mother's by the three o'clock train. Suppose you

ask her if she has any objection to your accompanying us?"

"I shall do so, my Lord," I replied.

He then left the room, and I was soon joined by Angela. Whether my eager face told her what was coming, or Lord Glanville had given her a hint, I do not know, but there was a shyness and reserve in her manner I had never noticed before.

I rose, and presented her with a chair, and she sat down nervous and agitated.

"Miss De Glanville—Angela," I said, taking her hand in mine, "I have long admired you, long loved you; if you consent to become my wife, with God's blessing you shall never have to regret giving me this hand."

"I am sure I never shall, dear Terence," was her very satisfactory answer.

"May I return with you, and make Lady De Glanville's acquaintance? Lord Glanville says he is to restore you to your mother to-day."

"Certainly, if you wish it."

"I do most devoutly," I said. "I shall meet you here by half-past two."

I went to my room to prepare for my presentation to my future mother-in-law. I was, then, actually an engaged man. What an amount of responsibility I had incurred — yet I felt quite happy. I no longer hung loosely on society. I was about taking a wife, and enjoying a home. And such a wife—possessed of youth and beauty, high connexions, and if not great wealth, a fair fortune, which, added to my own means, secured to us the glorious heritage of independence. With a glowing face and light step I hastened to the drawing-room, and kissed Lady Glanville in the exuberance of my joy.

"Hallo, Terence, who gave you leave to practise on my wife," cried his lordship, gaily.

"The gallant fellow who preserved you that same wife," she said. "Accept, my dear Terence, my warmest congratulations. Angela has told me what passed, and I assure you it has made both Glanville and me very, very happy."

"Come, Terence—Angela, come; time is up,"

said his lordship, looking at his watch. "We have just fifteen minutes to catch the train."

The porter had placed Angela's trunks on the cab, and with a fond embrace of her dear, kind friend, Angela went with us to Westland Row.

We had but a very short distance to walk from the station of Blackrock to Lady De Glanville's house at Sea-point. As we passed the beautiful little Gothic church, Angela and I exchanged glances, and I prayed a silent thanksgiving to the Great Being who caused my dear affianced one to share the faith I professed.

I was kindly received, on Lord Glanville's introduction, by the widow of Sir Reginald. She was a tall, noble-looking old lady, and had been eminently beautiful, but years had wrinkled the expansive brow, and dimmed the lustre of those large eyes. Time, however, had not lessened the sweetness of her smile, nor frozen the genial current of her heart. We were friends in a moment. Lord Glanville called her into an inner room, and told her all that had taken place. He spoke so kindly of me, that on her return she

pressed my hand, and said she had every confidence in giving me a daughter who had never caused her a sigh.

I then explained to her my financial position, which was satisfactory. Also that I would not regain possession of my family mansion for another month, and it would require some repairs and decorations to make it suitable for my bride, but I calculated that early in October I would have every arrangement made for my marriage.

She said she was glad to have plenty of time for Angela to make so important a change, and, as the younger sisters by this time were apprised of the relationship in which I was shortly to stand towards them, they were equally affectionate as their mother.

I then returned to Dublin with Lord Glanville. I had now sufficient to occupy me in visiting Angela and her family at Sea-point, until I left for the south. My respectable tenant's term of the Castle and demesne of Ballyhooly ended on the 29th June, and, thanks to the vigilant care of

my attorney, I got up house and land in excellent order.

I resolved to have the rooms in the Castle freshly papered and painted, and much of the old portions put in thorough repair. The drawing-room required to be newly furnished, and the dining-room also. I had a very eminent upholsterer from Cork, who contracted to do what I needed to my satisfaction, which he did, though it cost a very round sum. Lord and Lady Glanville showed real friendship, both towards Angela and myself, by a very substantial addition to the fortune bequeathed Angela by her father's will. They brought their dear children to Dublin for the wedding, and their daughters, with Angela's two sisters, were bridesmaids. Lady de Glanville removed from Sea-point to South Frederick Street, where she had a sumptuously furnished house, to which, after the ceremony, a large party were invited for breakfast.

We had a bright September morning, not many years since, for the wedding, and the spacious Roman Catholic Church of St. Andrew,

Westland Row, was thronged with a varied and expectant crowd. The rank, beauty, and fashion of Merrion and Fitzwilliam Squares; comely dames and smiling damsels from Nassau and Grafton Streets; maids, wives, and widows from Dawson Street and Stephen's Green; nay, a bevy of merry girls from distant Rathmines, were there among the upturned faces. They were all intent on witnessing the ceremony, duly announced among the Irish items of fashionable intelligence, to be solemnized between Captain Terence O'Shaughnessy, of Ballyhooly Castle, late A.D.C., and the lovely and accomplished Miss De Glanville, eldest daughter of the late Sir Reginald De Glanville, of Glanville, in the Isle of Skye, and Eaton Square, Belgravia. We assembled before the ceremony in the Dean's room, in Westland Row, and I well remember the bridesmaids trooping in, all exquisitely beautiful and ethereal, with lace and wreaths, and my *fiancée* glittering with jewels of price; herself a pure and perfect chrysolite. I chatted with Angela, until admonished to go to the church, and thither I conducted the beauteous

bride. At first we were a little abashed. Passing from a quiet parlour into a spacious church, thronged with a concourse of spectators, come specially to see us, to note every feature of our respective faces, and criticise every article of dress, from the topmost orange blossom in the bride's wreath, to the heels of the bridegroom's boots, was rather embarrassing. It was just at this moment, when I felt Angela's arm tremble, that an enthusiastic old woman exclaimed in tones quite audible to us—"Oh, then, isn't she the darlint craytur. Shure she's just sixteen!" I saw the smile lighting up Angela's face, and blessed the old woman in my heart. The bride was quite approved of, that was safe. The notion inspired us with courage and confidence, and we both gave our responses fearlessly. Lord Glanville acted as parent, and gave away the bride, and Dean Magnus improved the occasion, and delivered an admirable homily upon the holy state of wedlock. When the ceremony was over I rather astonished the worthy ecclesiastic who received my bank-note, by my liberality. The

breakfast was a great success. Lord Glanville proposed the health of the bride and bridegroom in eloquent terms, and my speech was well received. I am, as no doubt the reader is aware, like my countrymen in general, bashful, so I decline praising myself. The Dean referred to me in terms of—— But I must pause here.

At three o'clock the champagne drinking, plum-cake cutting, and ice-eating having come nearly to a conclusion—some veteran ladies were busy pocketing the ornaments of the bride cake—the wife of my affection exchanged her white brocaded silk and Alençon point lace for a mauve silk of strong fabric, better able to stand travelling. Looking scarcely less lovely than before, she re-entered the drawing-room to take leave of her mother, sisters, Lord and Lady Glanville, and other friends, before starting for her journey through life, under a different name from that she had hitherto borne.

This is a trying moment to most brides, and it augurs badly for the heart that can remain unmoved at such a parting. I soon dried Angela's

tears, and the postillions rapidly bore us away. We were both familiar with continental scenery. My wife had lived in Paris and Germany, which I, too, had long known. The Rhine offered no novelty, and as neither of us had explored the county of Wicklow, this we resolved should be our honeymoon tour. When clear of the ever-dirty streets, dingy houses, and dust-covered windows of Dublin, our eyes rested with a satisfaction more pleasing from the contrast, on the verdant plains, the clear streams, and wooded banks of the river Dodder. On leaving Dundrum behind we skirted the Dublin mountains, until we reached the wild and picturesque gap called "the Scalp," a meet and appropriate title-page to the collection of landscape beauties we were soon to explore. Here in some freak of nature a vast mountain must have been torn asunder, leaving room for a narrow passage, while giant boulders and rough rocks appear ready to topple over and crush the passer-by.

I had ordered apartments to be prepared for us at the hotel in Enniskerry, and after

dinner, tempted by the beauty of the evening, one

> "As bright and still
> As ever blushed from wave or bower,
> Smiling from Heaven,"

Angela and I wandered through the charming demesne of Lord Powerscourt. Next day we visited Holybrook, near Bray, the tasteful and commodious dwelling of a kind-hearted and highly cultivated Irish Baronet, Sir George Hodson, who on a former occasion took much pains to show me all the art treasures stowed in this sweet spot. Pictures of rare excellence, to which he and his sister contributed; rare carpets, and rarer books, china, and what pleased me most, superb suits of armour. The grounds and gardens, rich in glass and exotics, delighted my fair companion. Thence we drove through the Dargle, a well-known spot, where we visited the "Lover's Leap," the thrilling legend of which I must not linger to relate, to Powerscourt. The house is a spacious mansion, built with the granite of the district, and consists of a centre with wings. The centre

door is underneath a portico, embellished with Lord Powerscourt's shield of arms. The wings terminate in obelisks. The outside is an index to the magnificence within. In this mansion the grandfather of the present peer entertained in 1821 King George IV., and the Prince and Princess of Cambria and Royal visitors honoured Lord Powerscourt with visits. The drive through the country to the waterfall we enjoyed extremely, and the fall, which we found in a narrow glen, embosomed in oaks, tumbles from an unbroken height of three hundred feet. Recent rains had considerably increased the usual amount of water, and we were gratified by a very respectable cataract.

Having exhausted the attractions of Enniskerry we prepared to visit Glendalough. I had paid my hotel bill, and was leaving our bedchamber, when I beheld hanging behind the door the very elegant mauve silk dress selected by my bride for her travelling attire on our wedding day. She was in the drawing-room when I sought her.

"Angela, dear," I mildly said, "have you packed up everything?"

"Yes, dearest," she replied, with a smile. "The few things I brought here."

"Well, my love," I continued, preserving my gentle tone, "I do not desire to limit your generosity to the servants of the hotel, but allow me to remark that I think leaving for the chambermaid that pretty mauve silk you wore coming here is entirely too much."

"Oh dear, I did not intend to part with it so soon," she exclaimed, rushing into the bedchamber where hung the handsome silk dress. We had a hearty laugh at her expense, and soon the mauve silk found a place in her trunk.

CHAPTER XVI.

HOW I USED THE BLARNEY.

HER lovely face beamed bright after her recent laughter about the mauve dress, as the beautiful Angela O'Shaughnessy took her seat by my side on our Irish jaunting car. This, I may observe, for the benefit of such members of London society as have not visited the Gem of the Sea, is a conveyance on two wheels drawn by one horse, the occupants, if more than one, usually sitting on seats over the wheels, *dos-à-dos;* the occupants of these side seats being separated by a space denominated "the well," in which may be deposited luggage, a small child, a dog, or any other small article. My wife — how thoroughly responsible I feel when using the words *my wife*—remarked, "she was sure the use of these side cars is the reason Irish people often look at everything in a one-sided way, and that if they looked at both sides of a

question fairly, their views would be more expanded and liberal." Now, was not this a very sagacious, nay, philosophical remark for a bride on her wedding tour? I therefore made a note of it.

As she expressed a wish to see the then unoccupied mansion of a real patriot—not one of your modern patriots, whose patriotism means pelf—we halted when we reached the demesne of Tinnahinch, where the great Irish orator and statesman, Henry Grattan, had lived. I desired our charioteer to drive to the house. After a brief parley at the entrance gate, we passed into a pretty lawn, adorned with magnificent trees, through openings of which, majestic views of mountain and valley were obtained.

"I love trees above all things," cried Angela, in rapture; "they diversify the face of Nature, and, when judiciously placed, enhance every charm of the landscape."

Better and better, thought I, silently making a note in my memory of this original remark. "You and Grattan would have been warm friends, my love," I replied, "from the love of trees which

you express. When some one suggested he ought to cut down this very venerable ash, because it interrupted the view from one of the windows, 'By no means,' replied Grattan; 'if either is to be removed, it must be the house, for it is the latest comer.'"

We halted at the hall-door, where, in answer to my summons, a sour visaged old female servant appeared. She met my courteous application for "permission to enter the abode of genuine worth" with a sturdy negative,—"Lady Laura's orders were that no strangers were to be shown in."

"Lady Laura," I observed, "is quite right in excluding mere strangers—prying wayfarers, who know little and care less for the lofty spirit that once lived, moved, and had his being within these silent walls." Like the wedding guest and the ancient mariner in Coleridge's weird and wondrous poem, I held the ancient dame by my "glittering eye;" she "could not choose but hear." So I resolved to mollify her obdurate mind with Hibernian soft sawder. "Yes," I continued, "here lived the illustrious man who 'led the

van of Irish volunteers,' who, as he pathetically remarked, 'rocked the cradle of Irish liberty, and followed its hearse,' but never bated one jot of heart and hope of his country's resurrection. You remember, madam, of course, his exquisite quotation—

> Thou art not conquered, beauty's ensign, yet
> Is crimson on thy lips and on thy cheek,
> And death's pale flag is not advanced there."

Poetry operated like the magician's wand, and sent the dragon to sleep.

"Open sesame" was not spoken in vain. "Lady Laura will be sorry she was not here to welcome you, and your lady, sir," said the domestic; her stern visage was rippled over with a faint effort at a smile, like a ray of sunlight on a wintry sea. The massive portals were thrown open, and Angela and I literally had the run of the house, while the changed housekeeper was gathering for my bride a bouquet of the best flowers of the garden.

Tinnahinch, though by no means remarkable for architectural beauty, had special attractions for

me, from its historic associations. Here Grattan, Curran, and afterwards Plunket and Bushe, took counsel upon the then vexed state of Ireland. It was from his sick bed here, the Irish patriot rose to make his last great, but fruitless, effort to defeat the impending Union ; and it was hither he retired, when broken-hearted and dispirited by the failure of his cherished hopes he found, in the words of Othello, "his occupation gone." Much pleased with our visit and my oratorical success, which my Saxon wife attributed "to my having been born close to the Blarney stone," we drove on to Roundwood, about midway between Enniskerry and the Seven Churches, alias Glendalough. Here an inn-sign suggested the propriety of a halt, and I conducted my fair fellow-traveller into the clean and comfortable little sitting-room. The "sanded floor," and clock, ticking "behind the door," reminded me of Goldsmith's Auburn. While partaking of such humble fare as the inn afforded, our waitress, with a view to serve a friend, which, under some circumstances, is highly commendable, observed, "As ye are going to the Churches, the

handiest (most convenient) place to stop at is not Jordan's Hotel, but O'Brien's Hotel, quite close to the lake, and kept by *beautiful* people." We were, like Dr. Syntax, on a tour in search of the picturesque; therefore, an hotel in immediate proximity to a lake, and kept by "beautiful people," offered decided attractions over the rival inn, which, in turn, was strongly recommended by our driver as "the hotel where all the *high quality* went." We resolved to see both before fixing our choice, and towards the close of as lovely a day as ever gladdened human heart, we entered the narrow defile which shuts in the Seven Churches of Glendalough. Jordan's Hotel, a roomy and commodious house, opening on the street of the village, was passed by on our route to the hotel of the "beautiful people." We looked with reverence upon the venerable Celtic ruins encompassed by the wall of the churchyard—the tall pillar tower of other days—the crumbling remains of churches, where

> Pillared arch and column stone
> Plead haughtily for glories gone,

until a turn of the road brought us *vis-à-vis* with an exquisite landscape. A high bluff hill rose above the white walls of a modest dwelling, which nestled amongst overarching trees, and, away from the green sward, in front of this house, stretched the waters of a dark lake, into which lofty and barren mountains flung their shadows.

"Oh, what a lovely site for a house!" cried Angela.

"Yes, that must have been in Moore's mind when he wrote—

> And I knew by the smoke that so gracefully curled
> Around the green elm that a cottage was near,
> And I said to myself, if there's peace in this world
> The heart that is humble might hope for it here.

Who lives in yonder white house?" I inquired of our driver.

"That's the Lake Hotel, kept by the O'Briens," he replied.

"Oh, we'll stay there," said my wife, authoritatively.

And so we did, *that night.*

CHAPTER XVII.

THE HOTEL OF THE "BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE"—LEGENDS OF GLENDALOUGH—WHO'S THAT KNOCKING AT THE DOOR?

HAVING crossed a little rustic bridge, we rapidly approached the sweetly situated hotel, kept by the "beautiful people." I thought of the poet's words—

'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,

when we halted before the open door. My practical wife evidently had some misgivings, for she whispered to me, "I fear the situation is better than the inn." She might have spoken the words aloud, for, with the usual nonchalance of Irish hotel-keepers, no attentive landlord, smiling landlady, obsequious waiter, or ribboned chambermaid, greeted our advent. This is a great mistake, and, from my experience, a common one in Ireland.

Dr. Johnson's lines were certainly inapplicable to the present race :—

> Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
> Where'er his stages may have been,
> Must sigh to think he still has found
> His warmest welcome at an inn.

After some little delay, during which our driver, with an ominous shake of the head, as much as to say, "I warned you," removed our *impedimenta* into the hall, Miss O'Brien rose from a sofa, whereon she had been conversing with a visitor of her own sex, and condescended to notice us. I made the usual inquiries about rooms for sitting and sleeping, and was shown into a bed-room, to which Mrs. O'Shaughnessy decidedly objected. It was small, low, dark, and ill-ventilated. I was meditating a retreat to try the other hotel, when my wife found a larger and more airy room across the landing. She inquired, Could we have this? Miss O'Brien demurred a little, but ultimately assented, and promised to remove her things: this, it seems, was her own room. We then

signified we would stay, and I paid and dismissed our charioteer.

The sitting-room was not more attractive. A very musty smell arose from a floor covered by a well-worn carpet; hard-bottomed chairs made sitting down a penance necessary to endure with resignation; and tawdry prints on the walls displayed neither talent nor taste.

"This absence of comfort and cleanliness," I said to my Angela, "is, I fear, too general throughout Ireland. We are accustomed to speak of want of patronage, lack of encouragement given to us, without taking the least pains to merit the one or to invite the other. Here is this hotel, in a highly-favoured spot, surrounded by scenery equal to many parts of Switzerland, with lakes and mountains, waterfalls and ravines, if not as extensive as those of Norway, more accessible and attainable — yet what a very wretched place this is. Why cannot the Irish hotel-keepers see their own interests, and if we have not the magnificence of Continental hotels, we should have the cleanliness and tidiness I have invariably

found at country inns of England and Scotland."

"It is not to make comparisons or to grumble, we came here," said Angela, with a bright smile. "The place is so lovely, we will manage for a day or two, so, while dinner is preparing, let us stroll about the lawn."

The *cuisine* proved better than I expected—bacon and fowls, with an apple tart, would be ready in an hour, and during the hour we explored the precincts of our inn.

Glendalough (*Anglicé*,—glen of two lakes) occupies a narrow vale, of a couple of miles in length, enclosed by three lofty mountains—Derrybawn, Coomaderry, and Lugduff. The lakes are, *Lough-na-piast*, or the lake of the serpent, and Lugduff—*Lough duve*, the black lake, also called Luganure—*Loch-an-oir*, or the lake of gold. The seven ruined churches are small, and supposed to be about a thousand years old, built in the time of St. Kevin. The church of the monastery alone possesses any traces of architectural skill. Here several sculptured stones, with very fanciful orna-

mentation—such as a man's head with the tail of a wolf in his mouth—may be seen. We made our way over the greater number of these relics of early piety, until the hour for dinner arrived, and it is due to our "beautiful hostess"—sole survivor of her beautiful brothers and sisters—to say we found a very comfortable dinner ready. A cold draught from the window occasioned me to remark, what hitherto escaped my notice among the short-comings of our inn, that there was hardly one whole pane of glass in the entire framework of the large window.

Hastily essaying to pull the bell, the rope came away in my hands, and I had to call loudly before a girl came to know what we wanted.

"How comes it that all the glass in the window is broken?" I asked.

"Oh! 'tis that way this long time," was her not very logical answer.

"How did it get smashed?"

"We ris it up and left it so, without anything under it, so down it fell and broke as you see."

"Why not get it repaired?"

"Shure Miss Ann sent to Dublin for glass, and has the glass here a long time, but we're waitin' for the glazier, and she manes to send for one soon."

"Close the shutters; we can't be exposed to the cold," I said.

"I should like a fire," said Angela, shivering with cold.

"Yes, miss," responded the servant maid.

She closed the shutters, brought in candles, and some sods of turf, which crackled and burned pleasantly in the grate. We got some tolerably fair sherry, and over the turf fire, after dinner, I told Angela how the seven churches came to be built on Glendalough.

"About a thousand years ago this wild and picturesque region formed part of the dominions of an Irish potentate named King O'Toole. He was very old, but not very wise; judging from his constant companion, an old goose, and as the proverb says, 'birds of a feather flock together,' we may infer King O'Toole was little better than an old gander. Now there was a youth named

Kevin, son of one of the chieftains under King O'Toole, who was equally remarkable for the beauty of his person and the purity of his life."

"Like my own beloved Terence," tenderly exclaimed Angela, affectionately pressing the hand she held in her own.

"Thanks, dearest," I said, returning her caress with interest. "The personal and mental attractions of the young Kevin won the hearts of all the girls of the district, but he took no notice of them. His thoughts from his earliest childhood were directed to one end, to fit him for Heaven, and thus—

> Earth, and earth-born jars,
> And human frailties, were forgotten quite.

"All the well-regulated young ladies of King O'Toole's court, when aware of his vocation, gave up any hopes of espousing young Kevin, and got up flirtations with eligible young chieftains, promising better prospects of results. But alas! there was one whose passion for the young man was of so ardent a nature that it hurried her over

the bounds of maidenly reserve, and she hunted him as a modern aspirant for a coronet might hunt an heir to the title. Her name was Kathleen, and Kathleen followed Kevin wherever he went. She was a pretty girl, with blue eyes, a soft voice, and sunny hair, and her demonstrative affection would have won any human heart not dead to human passions. She was, however, the object of Kevin's deep antipathy. He told her repeatedly, and plainly, he was resolved to remain single; that he destined himself for the priesthood, and besought her by her regard for him, as well as for her own character, to leave him in peace, and not to be tormenting the life out of him. She shed abundance of tears, but remonstrance was of no use. When Kevin went to pray in the church, Kathleen knelt beside him; when he recited his litanies in the wood, Kathleen chimed in the responses. As she would not leave him in quiet, he resolved to leave her neighbourhood, and go where she could not find him.

"At this time King O'Toole was suffering much from rheumatism, and, by sympathy, so was the

other old goose. Neither was able to walk above a few yards in a day, and as for flying, you might as soon expect to see a salmon in the air as the bird. It was with great joy the old King heard that young Kevin, whose fame for piety was celebrated throughout the district, sought an audience with him.

"'Admit him! Please God he'll do us good,'" said the selfish old King to himself.

"'Kevin, my dear child,' said King O'Toole, 'tis long since you came to see us. Ah! you find your poor King grievously tormented.'

"'I'm sorry to say, your Majesty, there's a pair of us,' responded the youthful Kevin.

"'What!' exclaimed King O'Toole, 'surely you haven't the rheumatism?'

"'No, your Majesty,' answered the young man; 'but much worse.'

"'What can be worse?' cried the King, rubbing his leg from a twinge.

"'Please your Majesty, 'tis a young woman that's after me.'

"'Whew!' whistled the King, 'and you so holy. That's ugly.'

"'She's the torment of my life,' said the pious youth; 'so to get rid of her, I came to ask your Majesty's leave to occupy the cavern over the lake in Lugduff, where she can't follow me.'

"'Well, we'll make a bargain with you, Kevin,' answered the King. 'God listens to your prayers, so if you pray that these cursed pains would cease to torment me, you shall have any favour you ask from us.'

"Then Kevin went on his knees, and prayed so long that the King fell fast asleep, and when Kevin rose up, the King rose up too, and called for a pint measure of whisky, to drink Kevin's health, for all his pains left him.

"'Now, Kevin, my dear boy, what favour do you ask besides the cave of Lugduff, which you have for ever and a day?' demanded the grateful monarch.

"'Just as much ground in Glendalough, to devote to God, as your old goose will fly round,' replied Kevin.

"'That's not much to ask and have—take it and welcome,' responded King O'Toole, laughing heartily at the notion his old goose could fly at all. But just imagine his amazement, when Kevin, having whispered a few words to the bird, stretched the rather stiff pinions of the goose to their full length, tossed her up in the air, and she flew strong and swift as a hawk swooping on its quarry, over the entire glen.

"'By the powers! but you've done me clean, Kevin, my boy!' cried the King, in amazement. The bird skimmed along from where the monastery was afterwards built, right over Loughnapiast and the peak of Lugduff, to the far end of Luganure, where the mines are now worked; then back over Derrybawn and Coomaderry, and the ground occupied by the city in later times, arriving at the palace, with a self-complacent cock of her eye, much as to say, 'Now, Kevin, have I not flown well?'

"Kevin lost no time in starting for his retreat, and he selected one almost wholly inaccessible. It is a small cavern about six feet square, but

higher at one corner than at others. The rocky sides are now covered with pilgrims' names. It is situated about thirty feet above the lake, from which it is usually entered by a difficult path. Midway is a jutting cliff, where the visitor may rest, called St. Kevin's Chair. Here, in this cave, he passed some days in fancied security, but alas! the undying love of poor Kathleen tracked him. She had a little dog that shared her affection for the holy youth, and, knowing the instinct of the dog, she wandered with him about the valley, until the dog came upon the trail of him she loved so unwisely. The dog guided her to her doom. Torn with briers, wounded with sharp rocks, terrified by the awful precipice she descended, the love-lorn maiden passed into the cave, in which Kevin slept uneasily. He dreamt of the temptation of St. Anthony. How the arch-enemy of mankind, unable to conquer the piety of the anchorite, assailed his purity in the shape of a lovely girl, and while struggling with the demon in his dream, Kevin awoke, and, still believing he was St. Anthony tempted by the

devil in the shape of Kathleen, cried, "Avoid thee, Satan!" and, with a strong effort, flung Kathleen into the lake below. A solitary shriek, a bubbling cry, and all was silent. I cannot say that Kevin knew it was Kathleen he cast away, but the sad reality of his act was soon apparent. Kathleen's little dog tried to bite him. Moore has written these lines upon the sad event—

By that lake, whose gloomy shore
Skylark never warbles o'er,
Where the cliff hangs high and steep,
Young Saint Kevin stole to sleep.
'Here at least,' he calmly said,
'Woman ne'er can find my bed.'
Ah! the good saint little knew
What that wily sex can do.

'Twas from Kathleen's eyes he flew,
Eyes of most unholy blue!
She had loved him well and long,
Wished him hers, nor thought it wrong.
Wheresoe'er the saint would fly,
Still he heard her light foot nigh,
East or west, where'er he turned,
Still her eyes before him burned.

On the bold cliff's bosom cast,
Tranquil now he sleeps at last,
Dreams of Heaven, nor thinks that e'er
Woman's smile can haunt him there.

But nor earth nor heaven is free
From her power, if fond she be;
Even now, while calm he sleeps,
Kathleen o'er him leans and weeps.

Fearless she had track'd his feet
To this rocky, wild retreat;
And when morning met his view,
Her mild glances met it too.
Ah! your saints have cruel hearts!
Sternly from his bed he starts,
And with rude, repulsive shock,
Hurls her from the beetling rock!

Glendalough! thy gloomy wave
Soon was gentle Kathleen's grave!
Soon the saint (yet all too late)
Felt her love, and mourned her fate.
When he said 'Heaven rest her soul!'
Round the lake like music stole,
And her ghost was seen to glide,
Smiling o'er the fatal tide."

"How very very sad!" exclaimed Angela, pathetically. "Is it true?"

"All I can say is this—

I cannot tell how the truth may be,
But I tell the tale as 'twas told to me."

"Go on," said my bride, and I did.

"Having disposed of poor Kathleen, young Kevin was free to carry out his plans for spreading

religious buildings over the land. In time, the Seven Churches arose. It is related that the workmen were so annoyed by the larks rousing them from much-needed slumber, they petitioned the holy Kevin to stop the nuisance, which he did, by commanding the early birds to pour forth their matin hymns elsewhere, which the poet notices in these words—

> By that lake whose gloomy shore,
> Skylark never warbles o'er.

An instance is related of the pious saint's patience, and love for the feathered creation, which I do not ask you to believe. It is that, as he was praying one day, with the palm of his right hand turned upwards, a little bird deposited three eggs therein, and began hatching. The saint never stirred his hand until the parent bird brought forth her callow brood, and they left their strange nest."

"Now," said my wife, lighting her bedroom candle, "I'll hear no more; but please don't treat me as St. Kevin did Kathleen."

"If you don't haunt me as closely as she did,

you are quite safe," I said, and we mounted upwards to our repose. I wish we had found it.

"I hope there's a good lock to the door," said Angela, trying the key, which turned smoothly.

"It does not much signify," I observed. "There is no one to disturb our rest; we have the house to ourselves."

Alas! I reckoned without our host, or rather hostess, whose room, as I mentioned, ours heretofore had been.

About two o'clock in the morning I was awakened by Angela's exclaiming, "What is the matter? Do you not hear a noise?"

"Go to sleep, dear," I replied, impatient at being disturbed.

"I can't sleep," she said, sharply (she doesn't often speak so). "I am sure there is some one at the door."

I listened, and, sure enough, the handle of the door of our room was turned. Had it not been for Angela's precaution, some stranger would have invaded our sanctuary.

Before I had time to rise, a female voice ex-

claimed through the key-hole, "Miss Ann! Miss Ann! I'm going for the glazier, but you niver tould me where to find him."

"This is too bad," I said to Angela, who had become much alarmed by our nocturnal visitor. "This is not Miss Ann's room now!" I cried aloud, to the intruder. A shuffling of unshod feet informed me the messenger to the glazier sought her oblivious mistress elsewhere.

"We must leave this house after breakfast," I said. "I will not risk another night here on any account."

"Certainly not," responded my wife, trying to compose herself to sleep.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CHANGE OF QUARTERS—THE VALE OF AVOCA.

BY no means satisfied with our night's entertainment, we rose and descended to sniff the morning air. The lazy inmates of the inn were not visible, so I unlocked the hall-door, and we stood on the little lawn extending to the waters of the lake. Oh for the hand of taste to embellish the natural beauties of that spot, and for the broom of cleanliness to sweep away disagreeable, dirty, and unsightly objects! A bright sun was beaming overhead; flashing its rays upon the waters which drowned poor unloved Kathleen, and chequering Lugduff and Derry-bawn with alternate light and shade. A brawling torrent induced us to explore its course, and we climbed up a steep bank behind the house, and were well rewarded for our pains. Some hundred yards behind the hotel we came upon a very fine waterfall, tumbling over a ledge

of rocks about fifty feet high, and as the stream was then full, the body of the fall, was truly grand.

"How strange," said my intelligent wife, "you Irish seem to pay so little attention to your places of interest. If this waterfall was in England or Scotland, instead of leaving it to chance whether we found it out or not, we should have been told where to find it. A good path would have led to it, instead of this rough scrambling one we have here; on this rock, commanding a good view of the fall, a rustic bench or cast-iron seat would be placed, enabling us to rest and enjoy this beautiful scene."

"I quite agree with you, Angela," I replied. "If my country people would only turn to good account what they possess, and by industry, punctuality, and cleanliness, induce tourists to visit scenes like this, a new order of things would arrive, but I grieve to think that day is far off."

"Surely, if an enterprising, intelligent person took that hotel below, and made it attractive, as it is now repulsive, it would pay well," continued my wife, with a keen eye to results.

"My dear," I said, "what would you think, if we bought the place, of your becoming hostess. I would attend to the boating and the stables, I would leave the interior economy of the establishment to you, and see how soon we would make a fortune."

"As you are becoming personal and offensive, we had better change the subject," said the haughty young aristocrat, flying down the hill to the manifest risk of her graceful neck. Breathless I hurried after her, but did not overtake her till the waters of the lake said "thus far thou shalt go and no farther." Here finding a boat and a pair of oars, I induced her to trust herself to my nautical skill, while I pulled towards the celebrated scene of St. Kevin's cruelty. We soon reached the spot and saw the mouth of the cave, high among the rocks. A small path lay chiefly along the ledge of jutting cliffs, affording a passage upwards.

"Do many venture to climb to the bed?" asked Angela.

"Oh yes," I replied, "lame as Sir Walter Scott was, he did it. Lockhart relates, that Lord

Plunket, then Attorney-General, who accompanied him, told the female guide 'the lame gentleman was a great poet.' The guide's notions of poets were not very exalted. She evidently classed poetry and poverty together. 'Poet!' she echoed indignantly, 'the d——l a bit, but a fine dacent gintleman. He gave me half-a-crown!'"

Having steered my bark to the hotel, we had our breakfast, paid our bill, which was most eccentric in its spelling, and if our house was not comfortable, it was amazingly cheap. Having ordered our luggage to be given to the porter when sent for, we walked to the hotel in the village.

Here a different reception from that accorded at the inn we quitted, awaited us. Mrs. Jordan showed every desire to make us comfortable. We got a clean, well furnished bedchamber, but the private sitting-rooms were all occupied. The society of the *salle-à-manger* at once put us at our ease. There was, we flatter ourselves, nothing about us to indicate we were on our honeymoon tour. We were not, as I have seen other newly

wedded couples, nervous, shy, speaking to each other in whispers, awfully spooney, indulging furtively in hand-squeezing and the like indelicate demonstrations. As it was impossible to mistake Angela for other than the well-bred gentlewoman, or me for what I hope I am, we were invited by the guests of the hotel to join a pic-nic at the Monastery, with a dance in the summer-house adjoining the hotel. We readily consented, and both were highly successful. The pic-nic afforded us opportunities for seeing how elegantly the ladies, young and old, turned out, and Mrs. O'Shaughnessy in her mauve silk, fresh and faultless as her own dear self, looked sweetly. And then what a dance we had. Here, in sight of the grey mountains and grey ruins, the ivy-clad churches and tall pillar tower, keeping watch and ward like some grave sentinel, youth and beauty chased "the flying hours with flying feet." Not sauntering listlessly through the quadrilles as if doing penance, but going in for real dancing with steps like the Galway girls. Some wild youths indulging in fantastic

evolutions insisted on the sixth figure, and clasping every lady tight round the waist, as if life or death depended on the embrace. One very pleasant person attracted my notice. He was a tall, good-looking man, with heavy moustache and decided military bearing, who danced everything, quadrilles, polkas, valses, galops, mazurkas. He seemed much attracted by a very elegant girl in white muslin, whose blue eyes and thoughtful face were pleasant letters of recommendation. Did her mother—for such I suppose the elderly lady, radiant in black satin and diamond brooch, to have been—observe how the young lady and this indefatigable dancer indulged in a quiet saunter through the pretty grounds of the hotel in the intervals of the dances? I wonder if anything has or will come of this flirtation, and will they, as my wife and I, visit Glendalough on their honeymoon tour?

Late that night, as I was preparing to follow Angela to our room, this gentleman advanced towards me, and with that easy, unembarrassed air which bespeaks a man of the world, said, "May I

take the liberty of asking if you could oblige me with a postage stamp?"

"Indeed I can, with very great pleasure," I replied, selecting one from my porte-monnaie.

"Thanks," he replied, proffering the coin represented by the Queen's head.

"You must be rather tired after all you danced," I said.

"Oh no," he answered, "I'm pretty well used to that sort of thing. In India, where I was lately quartered, we danced continually, and the atmosphere was different to this."

"I believe you," I said; "I have had my share of it. May I ask what was your regiment?"

"The 9th Dragoons."

"Then you must know my friend Major O'Callaghan."

"What, Tim?" he cried with a shout, naming the cognomen by which my old brother officer was popularly known in the corps; "you may safely say that. I'm delighted to see any friend of his. I am Sir Henry O'Malley; very likely he has mentioned me to you."

"Often and often," I replied, "and how kind you were when he was so ill."

"Yes, of yellow fever; that was a narrow shave," said he; "we must have a chat to-morrow about Tim. I'm off to post this; good-night."

Next morning after breakfast I presented Sir Henry O'Malley to Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, and we had a pleasant talk about my friend. He told me many stories about his military career, which amused us exceedingly, until time came when we started for a visit to Arklow and Shelton Abbey. We admired this romantic seat of the Earl of Shelton, with whose family my wife is allied.

The abbey is quite a Gothic mansion, of great extent and well designed. The grounds are kept with great taste. We drove back through a charming valley, which Moore has rendered immortal, "The Vale of Avoca." At a point beneath the ancestral woods of Castle Howard two rivers, the Avonmore and Avonbeg, meet, and this could not be passed without notice. Angela and I descended from the vehicle, and leant over the bridge to admire the charming view below.

"Truly," I said, "might Moore, gazing on this lovely picture of commingling streams, leafy woods, bare purple hills, with caprices of sunlight giving tints of amethyst, sapphire, and topaz, stamp immortality upon this valley by his verse."

Scarcely had these words passed my lips than there rose, fresh and resonant from the margin of the united river, one of those unique voices that never fail to satisfy heart and ear by its appropriate rendering of both music and words—one of those soft yet clear manly voices, warbling like a bird intrepidly pouring out its little heart in pæans of song. It fell upon the ear, full and deep-voiced, as though conscious of its regal power over the listener. Never was *the* song of the scene more exquisitely sung. The words suit the spot well.

There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;
Oh, the last ray of feeling and life must depart,
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it *was* not that nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
'Twas *not* the soft magic of streamlet and hill,
Oh no! it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were near,
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear,
And who felt how the best charms of nature improve,
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest,
In thy bosom of shade with the friends I love best,
When the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease,
And our hearts like thy waters be mingled in peace!

During the singing of the last verse I felt a small white hand insinuate itself in my less delicate palm, and press it tenderly. When the sweet song ceased I looked on that beloved face that made this valley a heaven for me: pearly tears trickled from loved eyes, and I own I kissed them away; they were a mute but eloquent tribute to the vocalist, who proved to be our accomplished friend of the breakfast table. He was not alone; seated on the grass close beside the tree against which he leant was the blue-eyed maiden, his frequent partner in the dance; she was accompanied by the matron with the diamond brooch.

CHAPTER XIX.

FATHER COLEMAN'S INVITE—THE OLD SCHOOL-MISTRESS.

ON our return to Glendalough a letter awaited my perusal. It proved a very pressing invitation from a valued friend, Rev. Dr. Coleman, parish priest of Woodenbridge, asking my wife and me to spend a few days with him. His earnest entreaty, "your advice and influence will aid me in a matter that causes me much annoyance," caused us at once to accept the invitation. Woodenbridge is a small village not far from the Vale of Avoca, and within half-a-dozen miles of Glendalough. With many expressions of regret from Sir Henry O'Malley and other pleasant companions whose acquaintance we made at Jordan's Hotel, we left that very well-conducted hostelry.

"What kind of a man is Father Coleman?" demanded Angela.

"Have you read the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' my love?" I replied, *more Hibernico.*

"To be sure I have, and laughed at Moses, and his gross of green spectacles."

"Well," said I, "you will see Moses, and if not the gross of green spectacles, something equally unsophisticated. Of all the men I ever met, who have reached middle age, I never met one more innocent, child-like, and easily imposed on than dear Father Coleman."

The tasteful and elegant Gothic church, in which the simple-minded pastor of Woodenbridge taught God's holy word by precept and example, stood on our route before we reached the pretty cottage of the priest. Leaving Angela on the jaunting car, I went in, and found the good pastor in the sacristy. He was reading his breviary, so I waited until he closed the book.

"I am delighted to see you, my dear child," he said, affectionately clasping my hand, "and your good lady, where is she?"

I told him she was in the chapel-yard on the car; so he went to her, and was presented in due

form. She remained on the car while we proceeded on foot to his residence, and as he and I strolled through the fields, he unburthened himself of the anguish that preyed upon his soft heart.

"It was Almighty God sent you to me, I believe," he said, "for I am sorely tried by an old woman I want to get rid of, and can't."

I thought of St. Kevin and the *young* woman.

"An old woman, Father Coleman," I repeated; "who is she, and why can't you get rid of her?"

"She is the schoolmistress under the National Board. She has been here for thirty years, and latterly is worse than useless. The school is almost deserted, and I have a good schoolmistress ready to supply her place, but she wont give up the residence, and I can't get her out."

"I believe there is no retiring pension allowed by the Board," I observed.

"No regular pension, but I am authorized by letter to recommend her for a gratuity, in case she gives up the premises and school requisites in good order."

"That will do. I'll get her to accede to your wishes. Are you in a hurry to have her out?"

"This is a busy time," he said, "and she will want a few weeks to get a place to live in, so I must not hurry her."

We now entered the little lawn in which stood the priest's cottage, in truth a modest mansion. A comfortable sitting-room received us, the walls lined with books; a couple of well furnished bedrooms were close by, in one of which Angela was arranging her dresses, and servants' apartments comprised the rest of the interior. After a substantial luncheon I proposed that Angela should first try and soften the old schoolmistress, and I would remain as the *dernier ressort.*

Angela readily assented. She has great confidence in her persuasive powers, which, indeed, are usually very successful with me, but here she was destined to encounter defeat and discomfiture. She returned alone, about an hour after her visit to the school with the priest, and I saw by her flushed face and hasty step that she had been put out.

"I never met such a virago," she exclaimed, petulantly. "She flew at poor Father Coleman as if he was her bitterest foe, and treated him with no more respect than if he was a dog."

"A pleasant person for me to face. Will you try again, my dear?" I inquired, trying to assume a courage I could hardly feel.

"Oh, no, much obliged," replied my wife, curtly.

"Where's Father Coleman?"

"He had to attend a sick call in the village, but said he would not be long absent."

"Then I'll not go near the peppery schoolmistress to-day. It is safer to allow her temper to cool down, and to-morrow, after breakfast, I'll see what my arguments can effect."

"I bet you a pair of gloves you do no good," cried Angela.

"Done."

She then asked what I meant to do, as we had an hour before 'twas time to prepare for dinner. A few friends of the priest's were invited to meet us.

"If you don't feel tired let us explore the neighbourhood." She was quite ready, and away we went. The Mining Company of Ireland have extensive works in this district, and we visited them. As I am a large shareholder in this valuable and improving property, I was glad to witness the activity that everywhere prevailed. The captain of the mines, as the official in charge is termed, was evidently a very intelligent man, and showed us various specimens of ores, silver, copper, and lead. The yield from some of the shafts is immense, others are not so productive. By the time we had satisfied our curiosity, the time arrived to dress for dinner, and we found some brother clergymen of Father Coleman's enjoying the lovely view in front of the cottage. Angela was the only lady, but she entered freely into conversation with the good priests, and made herself popular. She went to the garden after dinner, while we enjoyed a glass of punch.

There was much anxiety displayed to show attention both to Mrs. O'Shaughnessy and to me by these clerical gentry. They expressed how

happy it would make them if we visited their parishes. One gave me so very interesting a description of the wild scenery of Glenmalure, not above ten miles distant, that I resolved to include it in my route homeward. "It was there, sir," continued the priest, "that the Saxon foe met a bloody defeat. There, in the days of cruel Elizabeth, her choicest troops, led by her minion, Lord Gray, accompanied by one who, while we admire him as a poet, we must hate as the relentless exterminator of our race and name, Edmund Spenser, suffered fearful loss. The Wicklow septs, the gallant O'Tooles and O'Byrnes, aided by the Norman Fitz Eustace of Baltinglass, lay concealed in the sides of the narrow glen. Little suspecting the mischief hanging over them, the English under Lord Gray of Wilton, the Viceroy, pursued their way. They had filled the defile before a sound announcing danger reached them. With a crash that rent the sky, rocks fell on them, crushing men, horses, and armour, blocking up the rear, and cutting off all chance of escape, while *Farruh! Farruh!*—fall on! fall on!—denoted the Irish at

hand. It was a butchery, not a battle. The English could not form; they tried to fight, but the Irish poured volley after volley, and, between the smoke of the guns and the brushwood, the English could not see their antagonists. The Irish, with pike and spear, completed the slaughter that commenced with their fire-arms, so that few escaped. Their loss in men and ammunition of war was immense, and the Lord Deputy, covered with shame, vowing vengeance against the Irish who gave him so signal a defeat, returned to Dublin." We had several good songs well sung, and, with the hope of a successful victory over the tough old schoolmistress I went to sleep.

Next morning we accompanied our reverend host to the church, where he celebrated Mass at eight o'clock. The parish church, of noble design and execution, is suited to a larger congregation and more elaborate service than the rustic parish affords. We missed the solemn chant, the pealing organ, the full-voiced choir; but we had the embroidered vestments, and the surpliced clerks, and the holy sacrifice of Catholic ritual. And then

followed a suitable exhortation, addressed to the waifs and strays of humanity who formed the morning worshippers. The pious pastor knew well the shortcomings of his flock, and directed his discourse to their hearts. His words first excited attention, then they listened with interest and deep anxiety. He condemned the drunken habits so prevalent amongst them, bringing poverty to their homes and sorrow to their firesides. He discoursed upon temperance, frugality, and the benefit of virtuous example, and I noticed the women never took their eyes from the preacher, and heard him attentively. I am sure his excellent sermon did much good.

Having finished breakfast, I announced my intention of visiting the school, and thought it best to go there alone. I suggested that, after half-an-hour, Father Coleman might join me if he wished. "May God assist you in your charitable mission," he said. Taking up my hat, I went across the lawn to the school-house.

Miss Flint, for so the veteran schoolmistress was called, was not unlike her name. She looked hard,

sharp, and angular. She was easily ignited, too; for as I approached her I noted by her sparkling eye, flushed cheek, and compressed lips she was preparing to do battle. I resolved to avoid any angry collision if I could.

"Good morning, Miss Flint," I said in a cheery voice, "I have come to visit your school."

"So I see," she hissed out, in tones the reverse of sweet.

"You don't seem to have many scholars this morning." There were not above six or eight poor little girls in the large room.

"I'd have less, if your *friend Father Coleman*," and she emphasized the words, "could prevent their coming."

"Yes, Miss Flint," I replied gently, "you are right, Father Coleman is my friend—the friend of every one in the parish, and your friend too, if you were not prejudiced against him."

"A queer way to show it, then, trying to throw me out on the world, and take away my bread."

"Now listen to me, Miss Flint," I said; "you do Father Coleman great injustice. When he came

here he found an order from the National Board that you were to be deprived of this school; that the attendance had quite fallen away, and a new teacher was appointed. And what did he do? He got the Board to make another order, giving you a gratuity on ceasing to hold the school."

"Oh! I did not know that!" she said, somewhat surprised.

"Yes," I said, "and you must be aware it is his duty to have the best instruction provided for the children of his parish."

This was rather a sore point; it touched the *amour propre* of the veteran schoolmistress.

"I have taught very well," she said, "and never was found fault with until Father Coleman came."

"You *have* taught very well, Miss Flint," I repeated, "but we do not grow young. I am not as active as I was twenty years ago, and it is time you should have some rest from your anxious cares and useful labours." The grave visage lost its stern hard look, and a complacent smile played upon the thin lips. "God knows," I said, showing as much sympathy as I could, for I really felt for the

forlorn old creature, "your lot has been a hard one; but you have done your duty, and I am sure the mothers of these little ones owe to your teaching those lessons which enable them to bear their trials here, in hope of the reward hereafter."

At last I had touched the right chord. I had struck the rock with the fountain. Miss Flint wept.

"You have been hard upon Father Coleman," I continued, "and you shocked my English wife by your disrespect for your parish priest. He has no other care but for his flock, and surely you can't blame him if he wishes to have the girls well taught. He wants a choir for the church, and you do not know music. It is with reluctance he requires this house, but the Board's orders are imperative, and he has directions to carry them into effect." I then read the minute of the Commissioners of the National Board of Education, setting forth "the appointment of Celia Dempsey, as schoolmistress at Wooden-bridge, and directing that Father Coleman might recommend Honora Flint, the former schoolmistress, for a gratuity on account of

her length of service, in the event of her giving up the school-house and school requisites in good order."

"Thus, Miss Flint," I remarked, "you are preventing Father Coleman doing you service by refusing to give up the place. Take my advice, and do as he requires."

"But I have no place to go to, no home but this," said she, and again the water-works were busy.

"Mother said you might stay with her," interposed a little rosy-cheeked damsel hardly in her teens, who had evidently been listening to our conversation.

"God bless her! she was always a good girl," sobbed the aged spinster. "Give me a few weeks to remove, sir, and I'll not trouble you more," sounded joyfully in Father Coleman's ear as he entered the school-room.

"Take a month, and welcome, and by that time I'll have your money for you," he replied.

I got a sheet of paper and drew up a brief memorandum, reciting that, "in consideration of being allowed to remain one month longer in the

school-house, and being recommended for a gratuity, Honora Flint agreed to surrender all and singular the school-house, books, maps, slates, pencils, &c., &c., which was duly signed by the said Honora Flint in the presence of

Rev. MORTIMER COLEMAN, P.P., D.D.

TERENCE O'SHAUGHNESSY, Captain late A.D.C.

"My dear friend, did I not say it was God sent you to me," exclaimed the elated priest as I narrated what took place.

"You may get me No. 8 gloves, Angela," I shouted, when that member of the aristocracy came across the lawn to greet our approach.

"And you really have succeeded," she said. "I am truly glad for Father Coleman's sake."

CHAPTER XX.

GLENMALURE—A NIGHT IN A HAUNTED INN—OUR HONEYMOON ENDED.

THUS pleasantly and swiftly the honeymoon was passed. Father Coleman had his brougham every day at our disposal, and, familiar with every spot of interest in the county, he took care the "good lady," as he truly designated my Angela, as well as the good man, your humble servant, should be acquainted with them. We explored the lovely vale of Ashford, visited my gigantic friend the O'Neill at Kiltymore, lingered in Rosanna—dear to every lover of poetry from having been the residence of Mrs. Tighe, author of "Psyche." I possess an autograph poem of this charming writer, entitled "The Shawl's Petition," very playful, and of great merit. She was the friend of Moore; he lamented her loss in the

exquisite verses beginning "I saw thy form in youthful prime."

Under the pilotage of the P.P. we visited the Devil's Glen, and admired the falls of the Vartry, which are very well worth seeing. Fletcher's picturesque demesne of Dunran, Tottenham's place of Ballycurry, and others in the Vale of Ashford, claimed and obtained due notice. I amused myself in sketching, and Angela listened with interest to the wild and sometimes thrilling legends of fairies—*phoocas*, the tiny *Leprehaun*, the fairy shoemaker, and the mourning *Banshee*, who wails the impending death of members of Milesian race.

But alas for the mutability of human events.

> All that's bright must fade,
> The brightest still the fleetest,
> All that's sweet was made,
> But to be lost when sweetest.

We were recalled from our blissful enjoyment to the stern realities of worldly cares. Letters informed me my ancestral castle was quite ready for the reception of my bride, and the tenants were determined to give us a grand

welcome. I had to hasten my journey. Glenmalure I reserved for our homeward trip, and declining, with thanks, the offer of Father Coleman's handsome carriage—for I ascertained the road to and through the glen was long and rugged, and might dislocate springs—I ordered a conveyance from the hotel for the journey. Fortified by the good, kind pastor's benediction, and a well-stored basket—in which solids and fluids were judiciously combined—we pursued our mountain route.

It was past noon ere we left Woodenbridge, where, Angela pathetically remarked, "the very flowers loved her, and she had been so very, very happy." She was loth to leave them; a melancholy mood, quite unusual with the habitually equable spirits of my beloved companion, seemed to weigh upon her. Unluckily, the day changed. A slight misty rain threw a haze over the landscape, while black, ominous clouds, indicative of heavy rain, festooned the hills that encompassed us on all sides. I tried to cheer Angela with some legends, but I fear they were not of a kind to dispel gloom, for, influenced probably by the

atmosphere of this wild region, they were dismal enough. She only cared to hear such as told of—

> Fays that nightly dance upon the wold,
> Of lovers doomed to wander and to weep,
> Of castles high where wicked wizards keep
> Their captive thralls.

The evening had crept on ere we reached our inn at Glenmalure, and, as I feared, the rain increased with coming night. I bade our charioteer urge on his horse, and I shielded Angela from the pelting of the pitiless storm as well as I could. We saw at length the rural hostelry. It stood upon a knoll, rising to a slight elevation, and in front spread a tract of broken ground, with rocks protruding bare and rough. At some distance stood a tall, white, ghostly mansion, looming grim and spectral from the gloomy mountain behind. I asked the driver what house it was.

"'Tis now the police barracks, sir," he replied; "but 'twas there, in '98, the sogers used to shoot the prisnors, and their groans are often heard in the nights, so no one cares to go near the place. I hear 'tis haunted."

With this cheering bit of local gossip, we descended, wet and weary, to seek repose in the hotel. Alas! there was scant comfort for us there. The master and mistress were from home, gone to a distant farm, and not expected back till next day. There was no waiter, for few strangers came there of late. We were glad to have the shelter of a roof, however, and soon a bright turf fire sent warm smoke through the unused chimney of a sitting-room, and soon mutton-chops and tea satisfied the cravings of hunger. The stillness, at first unbroken, save by the rain pattering against the windows, was now invaded in a most appalling and unearthly manner. My wife and I heard most distinctly the rattling of chains, as if some person was trying to drag his fettered limbs along close to our sitting-room. Cautiously I opened the door and took a light, but I saw nothing, and the noise ceased. Again we heard it, and though I am not disposed to be superstitious, the stories of ghosts and demons we had recently read or heard, and our proximity to a haunted house, came to

my mind. Angela was nervous and fearful. The night was very dark, and we were lonely in the house, with only a maid-servant, for the car-driver went back to Avoca after a brief rest. We could see the pale outline of the white and ghost-haunted police barrack amidst the gloom. Sometimes the chains would rattle more rapidly and frequently than at others, and the sound seemed sometimes to come from the floor. I tried in vain to account for it. We summoned the servant, she heard it too, but could not give any clue to the mystery. We continued to be tormented by it until bed-time, and we barricaded our door securely, trying to sleep, which was not easy, with the persevering chains rattling in our ears.

Next morning Angela and I arose, little refreshed by our rest, for we could not woo nature's sweet restorer to our pillows. We sallied forth, and the face of the glen, washed by the rain of the preceding night, looked fresh and bright under the sun's rays. A thousand rills trickled down the steep sides of the glen, and as the light flashed on their course, they glistened like threads of silver.

The larks sang high in the heavens, and flooded the valley with music.

"How inspiriting is the song of birds," exclaimed Angela; "with what energy they pour out their strains, as if grateful to the Creator for having given them voice. I love the larks that sing as they soar."

"St. Kevin's authority does not extend to this glen," I remarked.

We had taken the precaution to order a vehicle to meet us after breakfast for our conveyance to Dublin, and seeing it arrived in good time, we sought the morning meal. When returning to our inn we could not help discussing the mysterious sounds of the previous night, which appeared to have wholly ceased about twelve o'clock.

"I thought that was the time ghosts usually visited," said Angela.

> "The witching time
> When the graves ope, and all the dead go forth
> 'Neath the moon's beam to wander—midnight
> Is that time."

When we drew near to our inn door I perceived

a small shop, over which the hotel extended, and needing some silver, I went in to have a bank-note changed. Here was a miscellaneous assortment of goods. If you could not buy from a needle to an anchor, you certainly could from a side of bacon to a row of pins. Butter, fresh and salt, red herrings, tea and coffee, matches, cheese, rolls of cotton and rolls of bread, were mixed for sale in this huckster's shop. While the civil girl in charge was busy in the till collecting the silver for my change, a dread-inspiring sound fell upon my ears. I noticed a slight shudder seize Angela, who was with me. She, too, heard the mysterious *rattle of the chains.* I looked up at the ceiling, and lo! the mystery was solved; the rattling of the chains no longer possessed terrors for us. There, hanging from the ceiling of the huckster's shop, which supported the floor of our sitting-room, was a large beam and scales. In this every article sold by weight in the shop was placed, and the dragging down of the scales to meet the requirements of customers, caused the grating sound, which, unexplained,

occasioned the notion the inn was haunted. With a species of elation at having *laid the ghost*, we partook of the excellent breakfast ready for us.

When we proceeded towards Dublin in our vehicle, the bright sun and blue sky quickly effaced all traces of the night's rain, and as we journeyed onward through the enchanting scenery of the county Wicklow, we could not help congratulating ourselves upon the place we selected for our honeymoon tour. We might have had higher hills and wider lakes in other lands, but we enjoyed verdure instead of snowy peaks, and what the lakes wanted in extent was atoned for by abundant attractions closely combined. We had another glimpse of the Vale of Avoca, to which the song of Moore and the voice of Sir Henry O'Malley lent additional charms on our former visit. With pleasant reminiscences of our honeymoon tour, we steered for our future home, the ancestral Castle of Ballyhooly.

CHAPTER XXI.

CHANGES AT THE IRISH COURT — A FAREWELL VISIT TO MRS. MCGRATH—OUR WELCOME AT BALLYHOOLY—CAPTAIN AND MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY AT HOME.

OUR pleasant honeymoon tour was now over, and the comfortable hotel, "The Bilton," afforded us its home-like shelter, free from all annoyances, whether arising from the "beautiful people," or rattling chains. Again the familiar cries of "The Freeman!" "Saunders!" and "Irish Times!" fell upon my ear, and those ably conducted journals gave me the fullest information on all public affairs while I waited breakfast for Angela on the morning after our return to Dublin. Great political changes had occurred during our brief wanderings. The most renowned educator of modern times had ceased to hold the helm of state, and was again in that little less important position, which he has filled with equal

ability and dignity—the leader of the Opposition. The popular Duke of Baronscourt was no longer Lord Lieutenant, but he was replaced in the Viceroyalty of Ireland by a nobleman who possessed many qualities to render him acceptable. A capital field-horseman and devoted lover of the chase, courteous and affable manners were combined with considerable intellectual abilities. Nor was the sagacious Mentor then Premier unmindful of the potency of female charms over the susceptible Irish heart. The Viceroy's wife exercises no small influence over the Dublin Court, and Lady Grandthorp had personal attractions of a very superior order. His Excellency was singularly fortunate in having an Irish Chief Secretary whose antecedents were calculated to inspire confidence, and whose generous and wealthy wife rivalled her husband in dispensing the hospitality of the Chief Secretary's Lodge in the Phœnix Park with unwonted splendour. Most of the other Dublin officials I had been well acquainted with while I was aide-de-camp to Lord Naworth. The lawyers ought to be mentioned. The Lord Chan-

cellor had always been exceedingly popular as a law official, and now that he had reached the top of the tree, and obtained a British peerage, every one rejoiced at his good fortune, which was the reward of great ability and integrity.

He wore his honours meekly, and whether presiding over the Court of Chancery or the Appeal Court, all remarked that his assiduous discharge of his duties, combined with his dignified and courteous demeanour, displayed the patience and decorous conduct of the Christian judge. The Right Honourable Mr. Charley, the Irish Attorney-General, was a man of great energy and activity of body and mind. His tall elastic figure reminded one of perpetual motion, and his habits of industry were such as to cause no small uneasiness to his family and his clients lest he would kill himself by hard work. Fortunately, he disappointed such predictions, and now enjoys the *otium cum dignitate* of the bench. The Solicitor-General, Mr. Douceur, of French extraction, which he looked, was of a very different temperament—calm, precise, and methodical in spirit and motion, no one ex-

pected his hollow spectral eyes to glow with occasional flashes of merriment. He was slow of utterance and slim of figure, yet an excellent law officer, as was also the Castle adviser, Mr. Jackson. These formed some of the guests I met at dinner, when Angela and I accepted the command to dine with his Excellency.

I passed a couple of days hunting with the Ward hounds, for the sporting master called on me at the Bilton, and kindly offered to mount me. I had then the best opportunity of witnessing the Viceroy's performance on the pigskin, and I am bold to say that no better horseman or more plucky rider to hounds than his Excellency ever came under my notice.

Despite our last parting, I could not leave Erin's capital without bidding farewell to my old and esteemed friend Mrs. McGrath, to whom I resolved to introduce Mrs. O'Shaughnessy. I had prepared Angela for the visit by telling her she would find the widow a strange mixture of good nature and sharp words, of pretension and plainness, of wit and natural talent. She had not

changed her residence in Sackville Street, so we had only to cross from the Bilton to the opposite side, and her servant declared her "at home."

Mrs. McGrath, to my great satisfaction, welcomed me most heartily. I duly presented my wife to her, and she kissed Angela affectionately.

"I am obliged to you for this visit, Terry," said the widow; "let bygones be bygones. I know I was hot and hasty when last I saw you, after the loss we all had in dear Lord Naworth." Here she wiped away a tear. "I thought you ought to have kept a better eye upon him than you did, but it was God's will to take him. When I heard how spiritedly you acted at Melbourne, and risked your life to save Lady Glanville, I felt proud of you, Terry, and I suppose this is your reward," she added, turning and casting a scrutinizing glance on my fair and blushing bride.

"Yes, Mrs. McGrath," I said, "you have guessed rightly. This is my reward, and I'd readily risk my life again, or a thousand times, to possess such a treasure."

"Hear him, my dear," said the widow. "That's

what I call soft sawder. He was always a beguiler, and I find he has not forgotten the blarney. I can put you up to the lad's tricks."

Angela then amused the old lady by relating how I got into Tinnahinch, and after a most friendly visit, and kind wishes for our happiness, we wished my dear old friend farewell. As she has since gone to join Peter, it is a great satisfaction to me that we parted on such friendly terms. While we remained in Dublin, of course we passed most of our time at my mother-in-law's, and she, with the girls, promised that as soon as we were settled in my ancestral home they would all come on a visit to Ballyhooly Castle.

In due time we proceeded thither. Angela had my taste for sight-seeing, and an eye of her own for the picturesque. As we journeyed by the Irish Great Southern and Western Railway, we caught glimpses of ancient architectural remains of Ireland in the round towers of Kildare and Roscrea; the abbeys of Moanincha and Athassal, and the noble pile of Holycross. I described the magnificent cluster of buildings which stand in

throned grandeur upon the Rock of Cashel, and pointed out the chief seat of the puissant Earls of Desmond as we halted for a brief space at Kilmallock. Near Buttevant stands Kilcolman, dear to every lover of poetry, for here Spenser wrote his immortal poem, the "Faerie Queen," and at Mallow we left the Great Southern and Western line to get by the Fermoy branch to Ballyhooly. The journey was short, for the thoughts of other days were busy, and my youthful friends came in review before my mind. On our reaching the station at Ballyhooly I was deeply affected by the enthusiastic demonstration of welcome which awaited our coming. Daylight had nearly disappeared, and the sun's last rays were glinting upon the Blackwater, as we reached the end of our railway journey. The country around is richly wooded, and the lovely vale through which the Blackwater flows is bounded by the lofty range of Nagles mountains to the south, and the blue peaks of the Galtees to the north. The contrast between the russet hue of the woods and the rich pasture lands along the river, where we

saw fields yet golden with grain, or showing where the stubble had been reaped, was strikingly beautiful. The kind face of James Hennessy met my sight as the train stopped, and the warm pressure of his hand told me we were welcome before his lips uttered the words. He greeted Angela kindly, and saying, "You will go down in my carriage," handed my wife into the open barouche which stood at the door of the station. When I made my appearance a ringing cheer rent the sky, and I found an immense crowd of people from all the villages around had collected along the road. Genuine hearty Irish cheers of "Welcome!" "Captain O'Shaughnessy for ever!" were repeated again and again, and on my taking my seat beside my wife, with James Hennessy and Father Patrick opposite, I found my tenantry insisted on drawing us to the castle gates. The little village was illuminated, and facing the entrance a magnificent bonfire crackled and blazed aloft, casting a lurid glare over hundreds of the screaming "boys" and "girls," whose fathers and grandfathers had been tenants upon our lands.

My heart swelled with pardonable exultation at this unexpected tribute of popular regard, for though I had always desired to treat my tenants kindly, I had not expected this great demonstration. I felt proud on Angela's account, for I felt much of it was attributable to the desire of the warm-hearted people to compliment her.

At the entrance we were greeted with three distinct cheers, the old gatekeeper, my former groom, William Carty, who now held that post, giving the time. A procession was here formed, headed by the band of the Ballyhooly Militia, which our respected neighbour, the Earl of Convamore, Colonel of that highly efficient regiment, had directed to attend. The band played the old family tune, "Have you not heard of the flaming O'Shaughnessys?" We passed beneath a tastefully erected triumphal arch formed of evergreens, surmounted by a banner inscribed *Cead Mille Failte*, and by the time we reached the hall doors the crowd was enormous.

Having conducted Angela into her future home, I addressed a few words of grateful acknowledg-

ment to my friends there assembled, thanking them for the truly kind and gratifying welcome given to my bride and myself on our return to the home of my ancestors. I desired Father Patrick to take care that the kindly neighbours who thus testified their good-will should have an opportunity of drinking our health, a duty which the good-natured pastor readily undertook.

The ancient castle had been renovated and re-furnished with excellent taste, and Angela was quite delighted with all that had been done. As Washington Irving thanked God he was born on the banks of the Hudson, I thank the Almighty I was born on the banks of the Blackwater. With the American author, I feel it a high privilege and great advantage to be born and reared in the neighbourhood of noble and majestic scenes and objects of Nature—a river or a mountain—and I had both; the picturesque Blackwater, rolling in its sombre yet swift career to the Atlantic, and its banks crowned by castled walls. The architectural remains along this river furnish an epitome of Irish history—a catalogue of conquests. We have here

the moat of the Tuath-de-Danaan, the Cromlech of the Druid, the Danish rath, the stronghold of the Norman, the Tudor hall, and the frowning fortalice of the Cromwellian undertaker. Then here is the mountain called Cairn Thierna, soaring in huge bulk, crested by its moss-grown heaps of stones, telling of the mystic rites ere yet St. Patrick raised the symbol of Christianity over prostrate Druidism. To me these two objects have been a source of pleasure from my youth; they are old friends—I knew them well in childhood, and have never forgotten them—whether away from home, travelling to the distant Alps, or sojourning in European capitals, or in the sultry plains of India, or in Australian woods. When homeward bound, the mountain of Cairn Thierna, brown and steep, seen for miles above the plain, was my rallying point. Once within view, I felt myself at home. The river had become a dear companion from my infancy. I had embraced it when plunged in its depths; I trusted it when boating; I made myself master of its history. It was my loved haunt in youth, and is so once more

in growing age. I daily ramble along its banks. I have sufficient occupation to prevent ennui, and sufficient recreation to vary business with pleasure.

Angela finds the people of the neighbourhood social and friendly. Lady de Glanville and her sisters are now staying with us, and Angela told me, in confidence, that James Henessy has evinced a marked preference for her youngest sister. This will, I hope, ripen into an enduring attachment, for I love James like a brother, for his own as well as his father's and dear Mary's sake.

I conclude my narrative by mentioning, that, shortly after our arrival, a letter, clumsily folded, was brought to my dressing-room. On opening it I read these lines,—

> From many a furrin clime and sthrame,
> Welcome, brave Captain, home again,
> Accept the same, most beauteous bride,
> Long may you grace Blackwater's side,
> May Ballyhooly be to you,
> Most constant tender, kind, and trew.
> In all your trubbles may ye find,
> Health, and wealth, and peas of mind.
> The memory of your parients dead
> Shows well the path you best can tread ;
> Their hearts were ever with the poor,
> Their hands gave plenty from the door.

Such made them loved by all around,
Who love them still, though underground.
By their example you will gain
The hearts of all over whom you rain.
And what your charity impairs,
You'll save by prudence in affairs.

This poetical "welcome" hardly needed the signature to inform me it came from my old fishing companion,

The poor, but contented,

PAT SHEEHAN.

THE END.

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